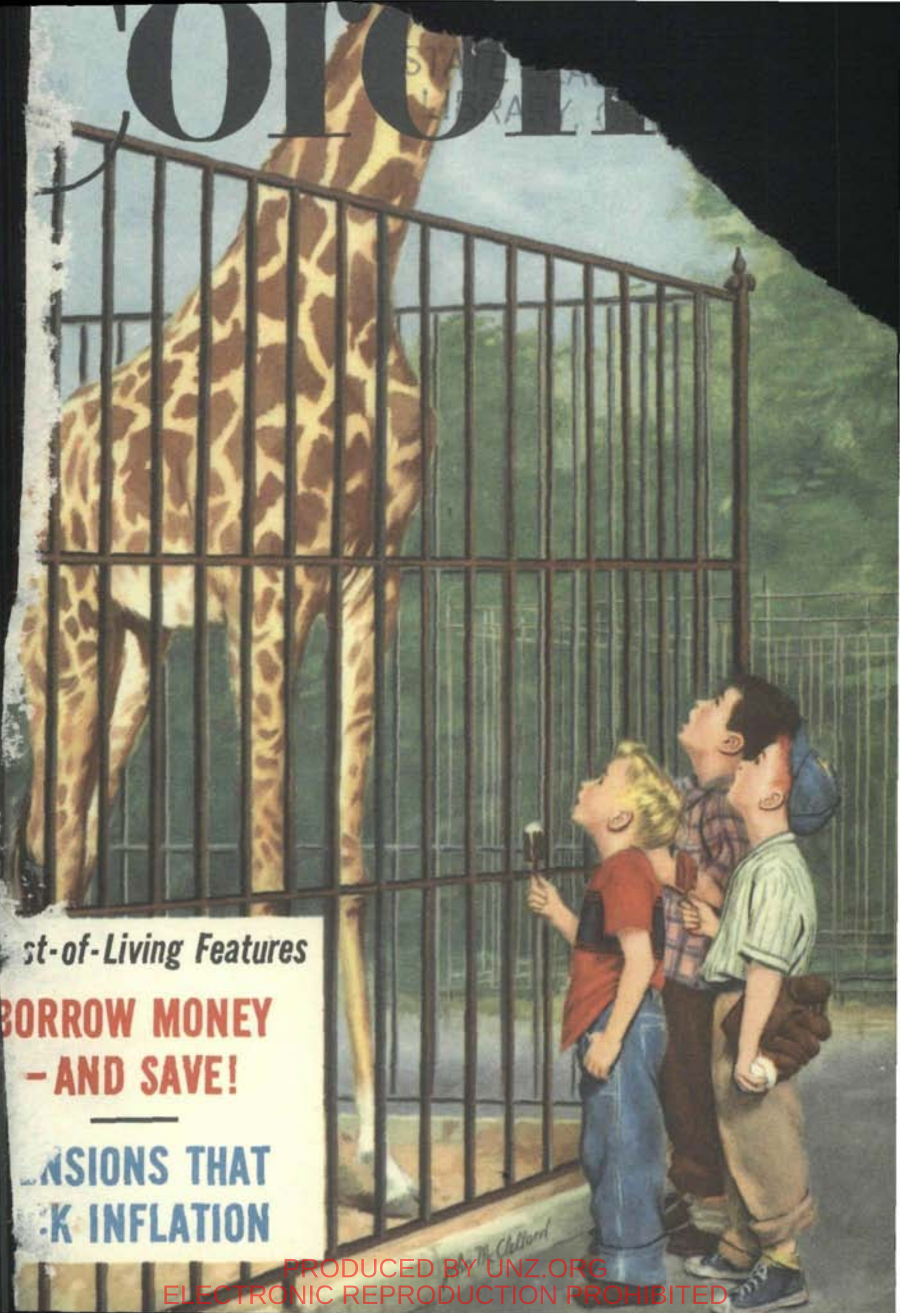
McClelland

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…NSIONS THAT …K INFLATION

Good News
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AND BABY BOTH FINE

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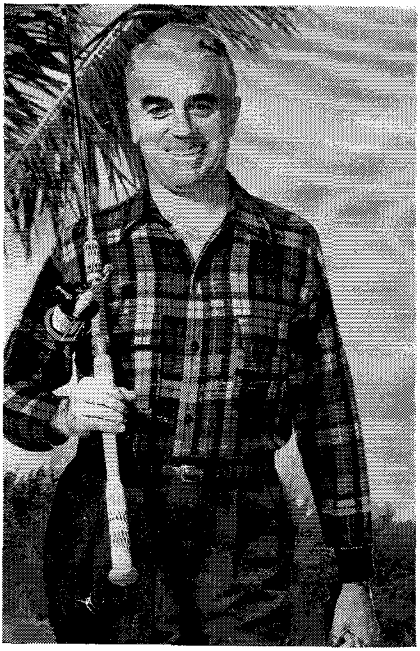
FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

How I retired in 15 years with $250 a month



"Here on the Florida Keys every day's good fishing weather. And I've time to enjoy it. You see, I'm retired. Retired at 60. Each month, every month, whether I'm loafing down here, or taking a trip up north in my car, I get a check for $250. That check makes me my own boss for life.

"Yet till 15 years ago, in 1938, I hardly even pictured myself being able to retire. I'd been working twenty years then. I'd seen the cycle swing through prosperity and the crash and the depression.

"My luck began when I went into a small business venture with a friend. It failed, and I lost the little I had. But it taught me my lesson. There was no easy way for me to make a lot of money.

"It was then I did some serious thinking. I wanted to retire someday. But how? To make money, you had to risk it. There was always the risk of outliving my capital.

"Then suddenly, I discovered the one sure way to get a retirement income you couldn't lose, couldn't outlive. An income that didn't require you any big savings to start. With it, you made part of your salary for the next fifteen years buy you a retirement income later. The plan was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. There was only one secret—starting young enough.

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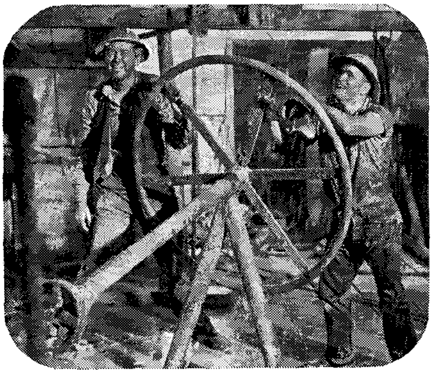
THE MONTH'S BEST...

Coronet's guest reviewer, Otto Preminger

OTTO PREMINGER's theatrical education began in a Viennese theater which, in the European manner, he leased, not for one play but for a number of years. As producer, he presented everything from farce to tragedy, and, inevitably, went to Hollywood. There, hits like *Laura* and *The 13th Letter* validated his theory that movie-making works best when producer and director are the same man: "What other producer would agree with me so often, and what director would have such understanding of my problems?" His latest hit, *The Moon Is Blue,* was shot simultaneously in English and German. In his spare time, Preminger played a starring role in Stalag 17. His choices:

THUNDER BAY



Universal-International's entry into the wide-screen sweepstakes is a sprawling, two-fisted adventure story set and excitingly photographed in the bayous of Louisiana. James Stewart is an oil-well driller, determined to find the black gold under the waters of the Gulf of Mexico despite the violent opposition of a townful of shrimp-boat owners.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

An uproarious adaptation of Anita Loos' book and stage play brings Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell together on the same screen. In the hilarious story of two girls with their eyes on the main chance, 20th Century-Fox has spared no effort to produce a winner. The result: technicolor, music, dancing and a gay, sparkling cast.

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A Month for Music

ADDED TO THE excitement and lures of travel is a bonus of beauty for August vacationers—a background of melody and musical drama. From Asheville, North Carolina, to Bayreuth, Austria, the scenic loveliness of far-off countrysides, historic landmarks and long, lazy days of carefree relaxation—all these are highlighted by world-famous music festivals that attract thousands of eager visitors every year.

Scotland resounds with music: everything from military tattoos to grand opera.

Music enhances the beauty of one of the world's most beautiful cities, Salzburg.

America's most famed festival is held in the lovely Massachusetts Berkshires.

Step Lively! It's time to get in shape for school!

Get a light and lovely slimming

IN FORMFIT'S PENNY-WISE

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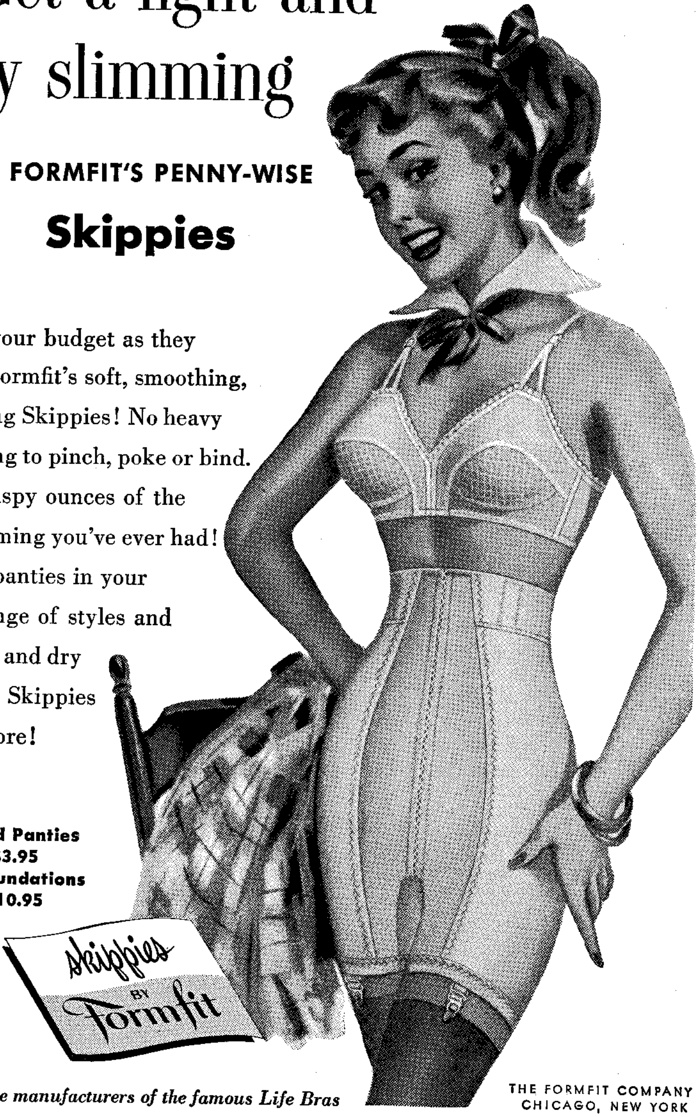

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THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

THE MUSIC MAKERS

The London Effect

According to a survey we never actually get around to making, if you had approached 100 more or less intellectual young women a few years ago, and asked them to give you a definition of the word "London," ninety-seven per cent of them would have answered: "A city of 8,000,000 souls which is the capital of England." If you were to make this test again today, 64.5 per cent, or sixty-four-and-a-half women, would instantly reply: "A gorgeous hunk of man with an utterly devastating voice who sang Boris Godounov at the Met." We are not speaking now of bobby-soxers, mind you, but of young ladies who know the difference between Wotan and Wozzeck, and who can quote the first two-and-a-half lines of The Waste Land without looking them up. This striking shift in opinion is not due to the decline of London, England, but to the arrival upon the musical scene of London, George—a 32 year old, six foot three bass-baritone who produces a remarkable effect upon opera listeners on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

The rise of George London has the pleasing inevitability that is often found in the story of a natural. Until he was 16, London never took a music lesson and managed to resist the efforts of his parents to make him study the piano. He intended, as far as he can remember, to become either a lawyer or an astronomer. At high school, however, after his adult voice had grown in, he got mixed up in some scholastic productions of light opera, and he made a discovery that has been decisive in the lives of many artists before him. He found that a thousand people clapping their hands together in an auditorium make a sound more intoxicating than wine.

London thereupon enrolled in a free opera course at Los Angeles City College, progressing, in due time, from a two-word part in The Marriage of Figaro to engagements in churches and synagogues, thence to being one-fourth of a quartet in

(ADVERTISEMENT)

an ice show, and to parts in road company operettas. Meanwhile, he was studying all the bass and baritone roles in operatic literature, fed by the hope, so often the principal diet of young musicians, that some day he would Show Them. Finally, in 1949, with a few borrowed dollars in his pocket, he sailed to Europe and badgered a manager into letting him sing at the Vienna State Opera. He immediately knocked the entire musical population of Vienna stone cold dead—a phenomenon he has since repeated at the Metropolitan and which has become known as The London Effect. The music critic of *Neues Oesterreich* welcomed Mr. London to "the great list of international singers" and spoke admiringly of the beautiful warmth of his middle register and his "fearless top." At the Bayreuth Festival in Germany, London worked with Wieland Wagner, a man no less punctilious than you might expect about the way his immortal grandfather's operas should be sung. Mr. Wagner, too, came under the influence of The London Effect and wrote: "In many years, no artist has impressed me so deeply. Here is a combination of what makes for a true artist in an almost ideal way." And everywhere that Mr. London went he was followed, according to the local papers, by numberless frauleins.

We have the normal male resentment of any man whom women make a fuss about, so we decided to look for some coldly analytical (i.e., male) views of Mr. London. We found Virgil Thomson praising London as "a great baritone star in the grand manner," and also as the possessor of the best male legs on the operatic stage. Doggedly, we hunted on. At last we found an opera expert who was willing to discuss London without reference to his personal magnetism. "George would be terrific," he said, "even if he were a little bald guy with pince-nez. He's got it all—brilliant voice, feeling, taste, style, and authority. Authority is what you knew Babe Ruth had when he picked up a bat. Also, opera is a branch of show business, and George is a great actor. The first time he sang Boris Godounov a bunch of people rushed over and tried to congratulate him in fast Russian. He was so convincing they couldn't believe that all the Russian he knew was in the script. That's the way George goes about everything. He digs into his parts until he becomes the character, and if he doesn't think he's ready, he won't sing it. Any moron can have good vocal chords. It's only when you combine the voice with intelligence and penetration that you get a real operatic artist like George London."

You can, and probably should, sample The London Effect at home tonight on any number of Columbia Records. Just one thing, though—sort of keep an eye on the Mrs.

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FAMILY GUIDEPOST

START A FAMILY FILE

A
B
D
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R
T

How many times have you engaged in a frantic scramble to find a missing document—a birth certificate, a receipt for a bill, the guarantee on a household appliance that has broken?

There is a happy way to avoid periodic searches that start with, "I just know it's around here some place." That is to take a tip from business and start a family file.

The file itself can be a simple cardboard box, a regular steel file, or a wooden one made by the handy man of the family. The file folders can be the regular 8½″ by 11″ kind, or large manila envelopes. These basic folders will put your papers in order:

Automobile Records: This folder should contain your car's service record: when and where you purchased tires, battery, etc.; duplicates of registration card; numbers of insurance policies.

Bank Statements: A place for all those papers and canceled checks you'll need when income-tax time rolls around.

Bills: Here go not only your monthly bills as they come in, but your installment payment books.

Birth Certificates: Getting a job—going traveling out of the country—enrolling in school—some day you will be called upon to prove when someone in the family was born.

Equipment: With every appliance, you get a book of instructions and a guarantee. It's important to keep them.

Household Hints: Now where did you put that wonderful suggestion for getting scratches off furniture?

Income-Tax Data: This folder, where you keep sales-tax receipts and other records of deductible items, can save you money.

Insurance: Policies themselves should be kept in a strongbox or safe-deposit box, but this is the place for a record of policy numbers, premium dates, and an inventory of insured furnishings.

Medical Records: You are always being asked when Junior had the measles or his last tetanus shot. Also a good place for children's weight and height records.

Receipts: Nobody can ever accuse you of not having paid a bill if you keep the receipts.

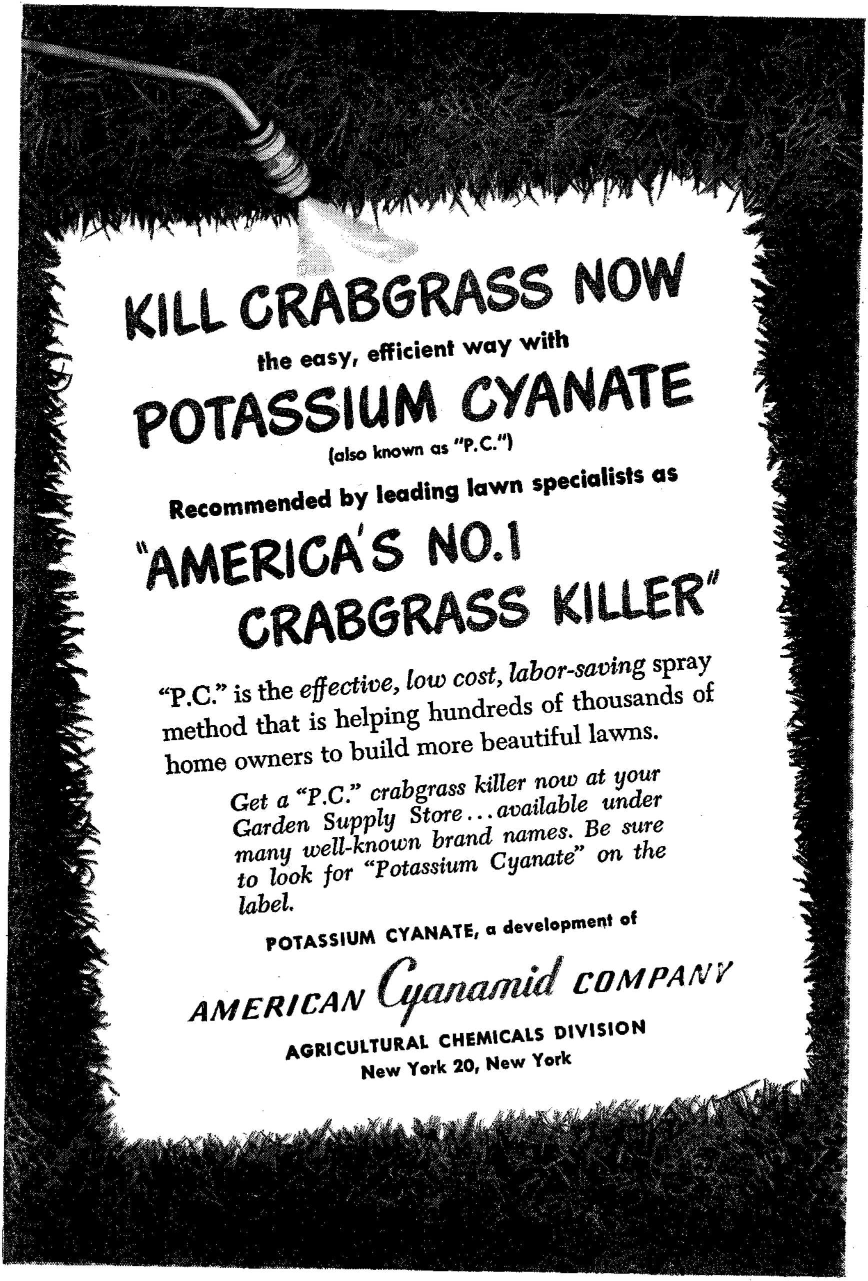
School Records: For those school-days keepsakes—report cards, tests, school papers.

Social Security: Keep a record of total annual deductions from your salary; if you are self-employed, keep a record of your yearly payments. Here, too, file one of the Government pamphlets explaining the social-security benefits available to you and your family.

Storage List: Don't rely on your memory to determine what you have stored in attic, basement, garage.

Subscriptions: Wondering when your subscription to a certain magazine expires? Or how many books you have bought from a book club? Here is where to look it up.

The entire family should be consulted in planning the filing system. This permits the inclusion of categories helpful to all members, and also helps familiarize everyone with the file and puts an end to those has-anyone-seen, does-anyone-know-where questions.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*



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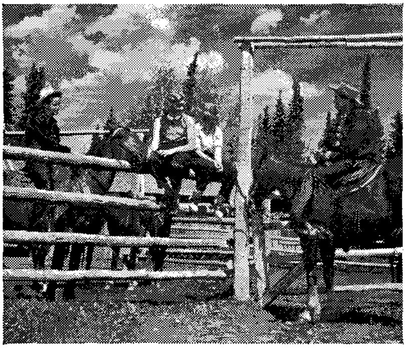
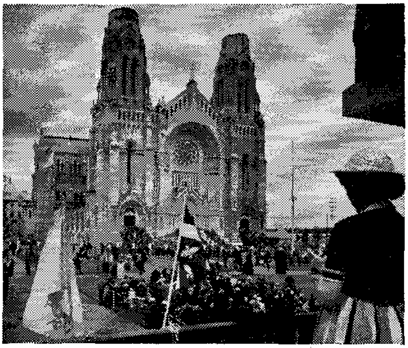
The salmon rivers of Western Canada have become a world-famous anglers' lure, while Ontario's 750,000 lakes—some of them not even named yet—abound in bass, trout and pike. These same lakes and streams become a magic highway into an unspoiled wilderness for canoe-campers.

Yet not far from rustic woodlands and scenic splendor are bustling cities famed for their theaters, night life and shops (Canadian woolens and china are highly prized), and towns like Quebec with the genuine flavor of Old World France. Across Canada, religious shrines and historic sites bespeak a heroic past, from the moment, more than 400 years ago, when Jacques Cartier claimed all of Canada for France.

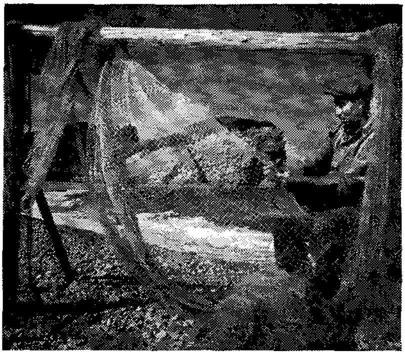
Permanent U. S. residents need no passport to enter Canada, nor is there an entry fee for their automobiles. And, attesting to the historic kinship between our two nations, there is an absolute minimum of "border tape" on crossing into and out of Canada.



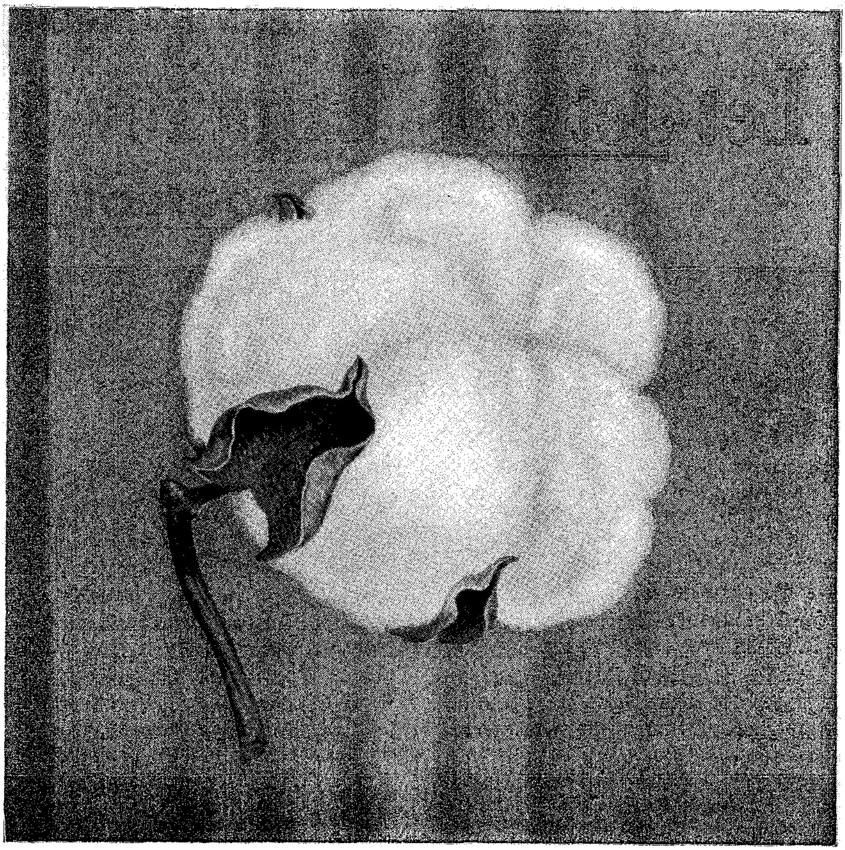
Alberta boasts Banff National Park, dude ranches, magnificent Canadian Rockies



On the picturesque St. Lawrence is the Basilica of Ste. Anne, 300 years old.



On Quebec's Gaspé seacoast, natives still use spinning wheels and hand looms.



The blossom that bloomed into a blessing!

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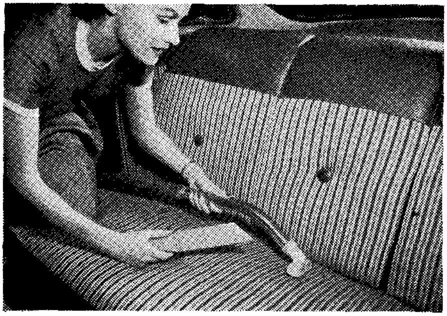

Jet 99 keeps your car interior and outdoor furniture as clean and moth-free as your lovely living room pieces. Remember, compact Jet 99 fits in the car-trunk . . . for a wonderful vacation, free of chores.

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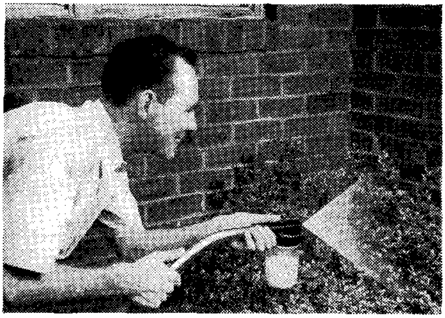

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FOOD

Eggs are Economical

IN RESTAURANTS, egg dishes often bring high prices, but do you know that you can turn out these same flavorful combinations in your own kitchen with a minimum of expense? Just a little extra care and know-how can transform the eggs in your refrigerator into a tasty main course or even a hearty meal.

You can stretch your dollars and please the family at the same time with baked, stuffed eggs. First, hard-cook several eggs. Cut them in halves and take out the yolks. Then mash the yolks into a smooth paste with mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Add some chopped, cooked bacon and a spoonful of minced onion. Heap the mixture into the egg whites and place sunny-side up in a flat baking dish. Cover with tomato sauce and heat for a few minutes in a moderate oven. For repeat performances, substitute mushroom soup or melted American cheese for the tomato sauce.

There's magic in the cookery that produces poached eggs Florentine. Here, a few simple ingredients plus the ever-obliging eggs make a nutritious dish worthy of any special occasion. Half fill a buttered baking dish with cooked spinach. With a spoon, press hollows in the spinach and break an egg into each. Sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with a simple cream sauce, and broil until lightly browned.

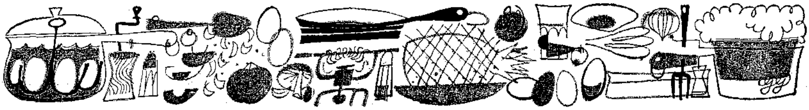
You can plan any meal around the gay combination of eggs scrambled with pineapple. Drain the juice from a small can of crushed pineapple. Beat four tablespoons of the juice together with four eggs. Season with salt, and cook in melted butter in a small skillet. Stir with a fork until the eggs have thickened. Serve on hot toast with the pineapple fruit.

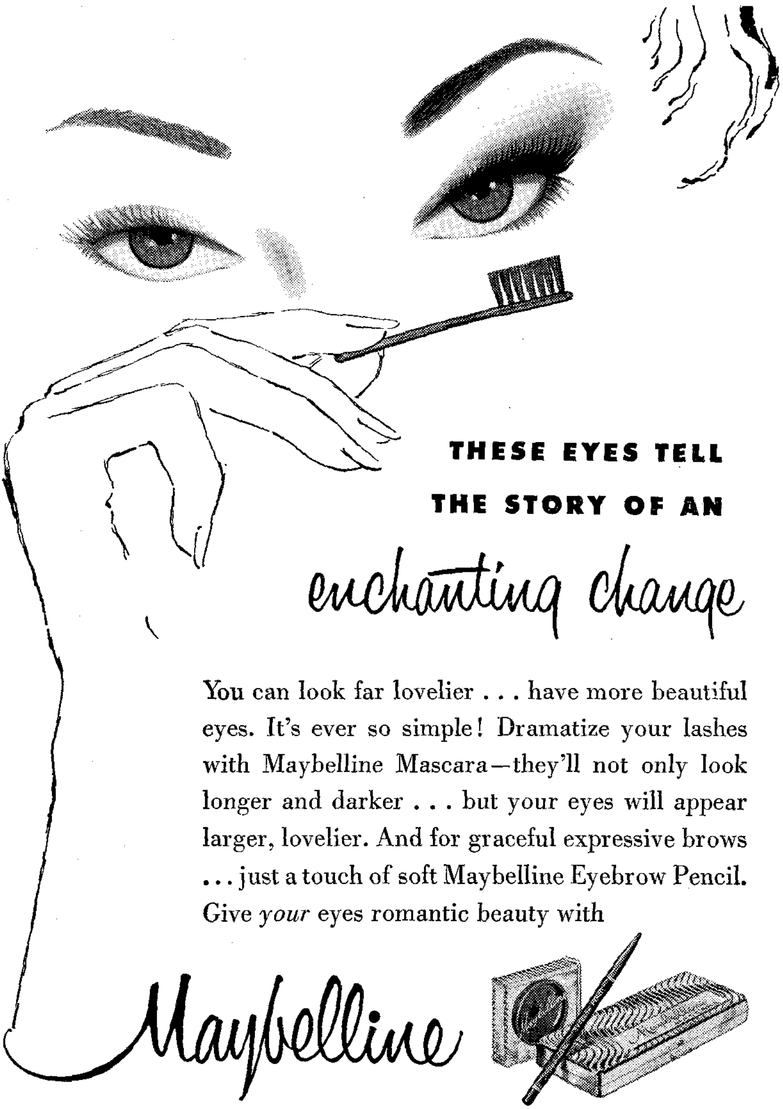
Of course, soufflé is an old stand-by, but why not try an original variation with an asparagus soufflé? Whip half a dozen yolks to an airy froth. Add a can of concentrated asparagus soup, and mix in salt, pepper, a spoonful of chopped onion and the egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pour the mixture into a greased casserole and bake in a pan of hot water set in a medium oven. In 40 minutes you'll have a perfect soufflé.

Eggs Benedict are a perennial favorite in many a fine restaurant, but you can serve this famous treat right in your own home and easily keep within your budget. Split, toast and butter three English muffins. Cover each half with a thin slice of ham and a poached egg. Top with creamy Hollandaise sauce.

The Chinese have a way with eggs which you can well afford to imitate. Their eggs Foo Yung is a delicious meal in itself. Sauté in butter a cup each of chopped mushrooms, onions and celery. After they have cooled for a few minutes, add these vegetables, plus salt, pepper and a cup of bean sprouts, to half a dozen well-beaten eggs. Melt some butter in a frying pan over low heat. Then drop the egg mixture onto the pan, one-half cupful at a time. Brown each portion on both sides as you would a pancake. Serve at once with soy sauce.

No matter how you cook them, eggs are as long on food value as they are short on the pocketbook. A dozen eggs equal two and a half ounces of concentrated protein. —CAROL MORTON





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17TH YEAR Coronet AUGUST, 1953

Are You REALLY A Good Driver?

From the new book, "How to Drive Better and Avoid Accidents"

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

EVERY MOTORIST who has survived a long weekend holiday, during which anywhere from 360 to 491 traffic deaths are recorded, agrees that drivers are not as good as they think they are—that is, other drivers.

We all come home and tell about the stupid things we've seen other drivers do on the road, for there is certainly no dearth of such experiences. But how many of us ever make it a point to sit down after a trip and come up with an honest, objective inventory of our own driving behavior—or misbehavior—from hour to hour?

I've done this off and on, and it is rather deflating to the ego. Do you remember, for example, the time when you were straining so hard to see from what state a certain license plate came that you failed to notice the stoplight flash on the second car ahead? Or the time when you impatiently started to swing out past a poky driver, only to discover that there was an oncoming car hidden in that dip in the road? And how many times have you almost rammed into the car ahead when it braked because you were following too closely?

In short, very few of us are as good as we think we are behind the wheel of an automobile. If you would like to estimate just how good you are, here is a simple yet challenging test which you can make without even getting out of your chair—a list of emergency motoring problems calling for quick, correct responses.

Some questions, as noted, require multiple answers. Hence, you are not entitled to a perfect score on these unless you specify each of the several separate responses called for.

This will make an amusing and illuminating parlor game for your friends and your teen-age visitors. So, with a pencil for a steering

From *How to Drive Better and Avoid Accidents*, by Paul W. Kearney. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Paul W. Kearney.

wheel, let's see how good a driver you *really* are!

The Situations

(Count 4 for each completely correct answer; deduct 1 point for each step omitted in a multiple answer. If the answers given list an item that you failed to include but you recall having known, don't credit yourself with it. Remember that you have more time on this test to think than you would on the road.)

1. Your car seems to drift or pull to the left (or right); what should you do about it immediately?

2. Following a truck up a long hill at 30 mph, you want to pass. You have sufficient clearance ahead. What are the four basic steps?

3. In the above situation, you find you need an extra burst of speed at the last moment, but your gas pedal is already down to the floor—what would you do?

4. Assuming a clear road ahead, how do you decide when it is safe to cut back in front of the truck in situation No. 2?

5. You approach a double-track railroad crossing with no signal, what five things should you do?

6. Is it beneficial to lower tire pressures and add ballast in the rear for general driving during slippery weather? Why?

7. With a good set of chains, what is the maximum safe speed on glare ice?

8. You are going at 60 mph on an open road when a pedestrian starts to cross your nine-foot lane 130 feet ahead. Will he make it? (Neither brakes nor horn are to be considered here.)

9. In driving along a city street, you find yourself "grooved" in trolley tracks. How do you get out safely without losing speed?

10. You hit a curve too fast and feel the car sideslip; what one thing should you do?

11. You have found, by test, that your low-beam headlights will pick out a dark, stalled truck 125 feet away on an unlighted road. What is your top safe speed with those lights?

12. It is an old adage that "brakes stop the wheels, but tires stop the car." How much faster do you think you can stop on brand new tires than on smooth treads?

13. On glare ice, you (in a light convertible) and the driver of a ten-ton truck enter an intersection at right angles to each other and both apply the brakes at the same moment. Assuming perfect brakes and good tire treads in each case, which vehicle will go farther before stopping?

14. Is there any advantage of yellow fog lights over white fog lights?

15. At 20 mph on a city street, a ball rolls out from between parked cars and a child chases it. With perfect brakes, will you travel farther from:

    (a) the time you sense the hazard until you step on the brake pedal, or
    (b) from the time you apply the brakes until you stop?

16. On a dry concrete pavement, with good brakes and tire treads, what other factors can throw you into a skid if you have to brake suddenly at 50 or 60 mph?

17. You decide to pass another car going at 60 mph. How much clear way ahead do you need?

18. At 40 mph how far from the

pavement edge should your right wheels be? How far at 60 mph?

19. With a brand-new set of hydraulic brakes, how many dead stops from 60 mph do you think you can get?

20. When traveling at 40 mph on a dry, level road, what is the shortest distance in which you can bring your car to a full stop after applying the brakes?

21. Will winterized snow tires stop a car as quickly as chains in (a) loose snow; (b) packed snow?

22. If you can stop in 21 feet from 20 mph on dry concrete (not including reaction time), how far will you travel after braking on packed snow (a) without chains; (b) with chains?

23. As you are driving on a two-lane highway, an oncoming car forces you to swerve to the right. As a result, your right front wheel drops off the pavement to the road shoulder several inches below. List the four steps of the proper response.

24. You are driving at a moderate speed when a tire blows out. What four things should you do?

25. You are driving down a steep hill on wet pavement. Without warning, a vehicle backs out of a driveway into your path. You apply the brakes, which causes you to skid to the right. What four responses are in order?

26. You are rounding a curve on wet, slippery pavement. Suddenly the rear of your car skids toward the left. Indicate the four recommended responses.

27. While driving at 45 mph you encounter a sharp blind curve in the road. What are the proper four reactions?

28. You are driving down a steep hill when your brakes fail. What four steps should you take?

The Answers

1. Stop and examine the tires; it's probably a slow leak. Change the tire or drive slowly to nearest filling station.

2. (a) Drop into second gear (for quicker pickup if needed).
   (b) Get up to passing speed at a safe distance behind the truck.
   (c) Pull into adjoining lane.
   (d) Give it more gas and get out of there.

3. Tramp on the clutch pedal several times in quick succession. This affords a momentary spurt.

4. When you see him come into your rear-view mirror.

5. (a) Take foot off gas.
   (b) Apply brakes gently.
   (c) Shift into second for quick getaway if necessary.
   (d) Look in both directions quickly.
   (e) If all is clear, step on it and cross without loitering.

6. No, contrary to a widespread belief. The insignificant added traction derived doesn't begin to compensate for (a) the increased tire wear; (b) the risk of sideslips on curves.

7. Ten miles per hour.

8. No. Walking as fast as 4 mph, a pedestrian requires 1½ seconds

to walk the 9 feet; in that time you will travel 132 feet.

9. Flip steering wheel quickly, first to left, then to right.

10. Give it more gas gently; more driving power is your only hope.

11. Forty miles per hour—and that's crowding the safety margin. (With a normal reaction time [5/8 seconds] it will take you 125 feet to stop at that speed with excellent brakes.)

12. Stopping distance about 77 per cent less, on dry concrete.

13. They will both stop in the same distance.

14. None, as reported by the National Safety Council's Committee on Winter Driving Hazards. Sole virtue of fog lights is low position.

15. Assuming normal reaction time, you will travel 18 feet before you get your foot on the brake pedal; 22 feet after that, with good brakes. (Note: A road test of over two thousand cars picked at random revealed that 50 per cent had faulty brakes!) You should start braking the instant you see the ball—don't wait to see if a child will follow it.

16. (a) Unequal air pressure in your front tires.
    (b) One tread of a different design than the other.
    (c) Unequalized front wheel alignment.

17. 1,960 feet minimum. Passing at this speed is equivalent to driving past a 263-foot line of standing cars. (The inevitable follow-up question is, how do you estimate 1,960 feet?)

18. Four inches; eight inches, minimum.

19. Three. After that you have no more brake linings, since such severe braking generates up to 1400° of heat in the brake assembly.

20. About 80 feet (not including reaction time).

21. No, there's no comparison.

22. Sixty-nine feet without chains; 41 feet with good chains.

23. (a) Ease up on the gas.
    (b) Steer to right so that both right wheels are 3 feet from pavement.
    (c) Apply brakes intermittently.
    (d) After gaining control, turn back to pavement.

24. (a) Hold wheel straight.
    (b) Maintain slight gas pressure.
    (c) Avoid braking (unless necessary).
    (d) Gradually stop.

25. (a) Foot off brake.
    (b) Turn wheel to right and regain control.
    (c) Apply brakes gently and intermittently.
    (d) Proceed slowly around obstacle.

26. (a) Turn wheel to left.
    (b) Apply slight gas pressure.
    (c) Avoid braking.
    (d) After gaining control, recover to right side of road.

27. (a) Hard jabs of brake pedal.
    (b) Foot off brake.
    (c) Slight gas pressure.
    (d) Keep in proper lane.

28. (a) Pump brake pedal to build up pressure.
    (b) Pull hand brake full on gradually.
    (c) Shift into lower gear.
    (d) Edge toward side of road.

(In situations Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 28, the assumption is that you are driving a manual-shift car. It is now possible that there are drivers who have never handled anything but an automatic shift, yet there is no excuse for their not having been taught the conventional method, as well.

The fact remains, however, that the Polk survey for 1951 showed that 43 per cent of the cars on the road then were ten years old or more—three times that age bracket's ratio in 1941—so the conventional shift still prevails.)

So much for the aptitudes of driving, insofar as they can be measured with a pencil. An even more important aspect of the problem is the attitude of the individual driver.

Experienced safety men have long since learned that neither skill, sex, nor age has as much bearing on the accident totals as does the viewpoint of the person behind the wheel.

When we get into the realm of attitude, however, it is pretty difficult to get a yardstick which you and I will use on ourselves with complete candor. One of the best self-testing questionnaires was prepared by Milton D. Kramer, then with New York University Center for Safety Education, for the Ford Motor Company's brochure, "Deft Driving."

This revealing list of 24 questions is reprinted below so that you may "put a check on the appropriate line at the right of each question, to indicate whether you frequently, occasionally, or rarely act or feel as the question suggests."

The "Check-Your-Attitude" List

	Frequently	**Occasionally**	**Rarely**
1. Do you wonder how other drivers ever managed to get operators' licenses?			
2. Do you feel that you yourself are the best judge of the speed at which you should be permitted to drive?			
3. Do you disregard a "No Parking" sign or fire hydrant area if you're only going to be parked for a minute?			
4. Do you disregard traffic lights at night when the streets are practically deserted?			
5. Do you bluff your way through an intersection, figuring that the other driver will stop?			
6. Do you let another car that's trying to pass get alongside you and then race it?			
7. Do you feel that people are admiring you as you drive down the street?			
8. Do you try hard to be the first one away when a red light turns green?			
9. Do you want your friends to admire the way you don't have to pay attention to the road when you're driving?			
10. Do you brag about the times you broke the law and didn't get caught?			

	Frequently	**Occasionally**	**Rarely**
11. Do you take chances in traffic "just for the fun of it"?	______	______	______
12. When you are at the wheel, do you insist on your "rights" as a citizen?	______	______	______
13. When traffic situations go wrong, do you get "sore"?	______	______	______
14. Do you figure there's no sense in giving the other driver an "even break" if he doesn't insist on it?	______	______	______
15. Do you hog the middle of the highway when another driver tries to pass you?	______	______	______
16. Do you resent someone being a better driver than you are?	______	______	______
17. In your "book," is it the other driver who is always wrong?	______	______	______
18. Do you "lean on the horn" to keep pedestrians out of your way?	______	______	______
19. In night driving, do you wait for the approaching driver to dim his headlights first?	______	______	______
20. If the driver coming toward you at night doesn't dim his headlights, do you throw yours back on the high beam?	______	______	______
21. Do you blow your horn if the driver ahead doesn't start moving the instant the light changes?	______	______	______
22. Do you speed just for the sense of power you get when your foot presses down on the gas pedal?	______	______	______
23. Do you feel that having the legal right-of-way lets you out of having to share the road?	______	______	______
24. Do you feel that traffic tickets should be "fixed" if you know the "right" people?	______	______	______

Give yourself 4 points for each check under *frequently*, 2 points for each check under *occasionally*, and 1 point for each check under *rarely*, and add up your total score. The lower your score, the better your driving attitudes and, consequently, the better your driving. If you scored 60 or more, you'd better do something about improving your attitudes. Sooner or later they can get you into trouble.

Now suppose you didn't score 60 or more? Then show this questionnaire, with your answers filled in just as you wrote them, to your wife, your husband, your daughter, your sweetheart or anybody else who rides with you frequently.

What do *they* have to say?

The Prophetic Blacksmith

by TED MACK

ELIHU BURRITT had no world-shaking dreams that morning in 1833 when he first walked down the tree-lined streets of New Haven to look at Yale University. His only dream then was to enter those ivied halls. But he had no money.

With regret, the lanky, rawboned youth of 22 turned away to find a job in his chosen trade of blacksmith. Yet, the mere proximity of the university fired him with ambition. After he had hammered out each day's share of hoes and horseshoes, he forced himself to read and to learn. First, he tackled Greek, with the single aid of a dictionary. His progress was so rapid that his associates soon dubbed him "the learned blacksmith."

In the next few years, Burritt amazed even himself as he mastered French, Italian, Danish, Hebrew, Ethiopian, Sumerian, Chaldaic and 40 other languages. To test his skill, he wrote a letter in Celtic-Breton to the Royal Antiquarian Society of France. Back across the Atlantic came the astonished reply, "*Magnifique!* The Academy sends its highest congratulations to such a distinguished scholar in this almost forgotten dialect."

In Boston, Governor Everett decided that the brilliant blacksmith deserved a place in Harvard, and arranged for a scholarship. But Burritt refused the tempting offer, for in his books he had already discovered the great truth which he was to teach for the rest of his life—that all men are brothers, divided only by their lack of understanding.

His idealism won the admiration of such men as Longfellow, Emerson and even Lincoln. He left his forge to convince governments and shipowners to carry transatlantic mail at rates lower than ever before. Then, as the Abolition movement began to shadow America, he implored audiences from Maine to Iowa to solve the slavery issue not through war but arbitration.

When this effort failed, Lincoln appointed Burritt to a diplomatic post in England. For two decades, the self-taught envoy not only achieved an enviable record as a statesman, but traveled to every corner of Europe to work for international peace. "There will come a day," he predicted 80 years ago, "when men will create a Congress and Court of Nations."

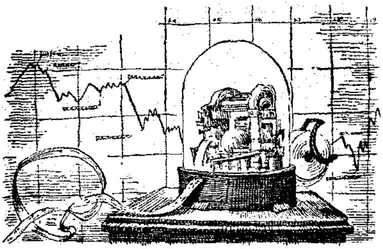
Thus Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, became the first American to blaze the path toward the goal which our generation has since seen achieved in the United Nations.

Ted Mack is seen on the *Original Amateur Hour*, NBC-TV, Saturday evenings.

Pensions That Lick Inflation

by **Ralph Wallace**

Annuity plans now available are designed to follow the ups and downs in living costs



CLIFF DANIELS RETIRED in 1940. He was lucky. He had a $95-a-month pension from the company he had worked for most of his life. With this, his savings, the home that he owned free and clear, and a few dollars a week from Social Security, he and Mrs. Daniels would make out all right, he thought. They would have a comfortable old age.

But they haven't had a comfortable old age. Prices skyrocketed during and after the war, and the $95 pension shrank in buying power. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels have kept going, but they are embittered by the almost hopeless struggle to make ends meet.

"Why?" he asks. "Why has this happened to us?"

He earned old-age security, he had it in his grasp, but someone snatched it away. Was the company stingy with pensions? Was the fault the Government's in letting inflation get started? Daniels—and there are thousands like him—doesn't know the answers. So he strikes out at everything and everyone.

It is a situation, though, that many people still working are never going to find themselves in. Here is why: *Some pension experts have figured out, and have already put into operation, a new kind of pension, a pension that keeps pace with living costs.*

If living costs go up, the pension probably will go up, too. If living costs go down, the pension probably will go down. In terms of dollars, the pension fluctuates. But in relation to living costs, it should fluctuate very little.

"I'd rather have a certain number of dollars a month," you may think. "I don't want to gamble."

But you *are* gambling if you depend on a fixed number of dollars. Think of what happened to Daniels with his $95-a-month pension. He lost. Of course, he would have won if living costs had gone down. But about all he can buy now is meat and potatoes.

It is hard for people to believe there can be this element of chance in a pension of a set number of dollars a month. But the risk is becoming clearer every day. Teachers—who are traditionally saddled with fixed incomes and who also know something about economics—were among the first to see it. And that brings us to the first large group to be covered by the new pension.

College teachers all over the country buy retirement annuities from the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, a nonprofit company that was started for them by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The annuities are sound, all right, but of course they stand still while prices are rising. The people at the TIAA were keenly aware of how inadequate these annuities could be in an inflationary period. In 1951, they issued a report prepared by their vice-president, William C. Greenough, in which he said:

"During the low prices prevailing in the 1930's, annuitants and others living on fixed incomes were receiving a larger 'real,' or purchasing power, income than they might have expected; in 1950, their real income was seriously reduced.

"There is little in the present situation to assure us that the purchasing power of the dollar in 1960, 1970, or 2000 will be the same as it is today. This suggests that an effort be made to provide more dollars as retirement income when prices are high, even though that may mean reducing the number of dollars when prices are low."

In 1952, the TIAA followed this up by establishing the College Retirement Equities Fund. A teacher can have deposited in this Fund, if he wishes, up to half the money that he and his college put aside for his retirement. The rest must be used to buy a regular TIAA annuity.

The new Fund is invested wholly in common stocks, and produces a "unit annuity." The TIAA first called it a "variable annuity" until pensioners pointed out that the traditional fixed-dollar annuities they were trying to live on were "variable annuities" in terms of purchasing power.

If the stocks in the Fund go up, the teacher gets the benefit of the rise: he will get a bigger pension than if all his money had been used to buy a regular annuity. If the stocks go down, he will get less than the regular annuity he could have bought.

In any event, it is expected that his total pension—from the TIAA annuity and from the new Fund—will be roughly in line with living costs. Economists have gone back 70 years and found that a mixed stock-and-bond program like this, whenever begun, would have produced an income that generally rose and fell as living costs rose and fell, and they think the same thing will keep on happening in the future.

You might think that college professors would be pretty conservative about their personal finances, and would back away from a common-stock idea like this. Well, they are conservative. For that very reason, they have gone in for the new Fund in a large way. They know from experience that a fixed-dollar pension is far from fixed in purchasing power; and they are convinced that the new Fund is the best protection available against inflation.

NOW FOR THE SECOND pioneering effort. This one involved a privately owned, profit-making company, and for that reason it is front-page news in pension circles.

While Dr. Greenough and his associates at the TIAA were trying to find a pension system that would hold up during inflation, a young lawyer in New York, Curtis Henderson, was developing the same idea on his own account. And he arrived at nearly the same solution.

He thought up an "equity annuity plan," as he called it, wrote an article about it, and the article was published in the January-February, 1952, *Harvard Business Review*. A director of a utility company on Long Island happened to read the article, and the company engaged Henderson to install such a plan.

The company's Equity Annuity Plan, like the teachers' plan, provides pensions that are expected to rise and fall with the cost of living. The company already had a pension plan of the usual type—it had been installed in 1937. But the pensions it promised were too low by 1952 standards. So the company added the Equity Annuity Plan, and a man who retires from now on, will get a monthly pension that will be made up of a fixed number of dollars from the old plan, plus a variable amount from the new plan.

You see, the new plan is invested principally in common stocks, and the amounts payable to the employees will depend almost entirely on whether these stocks go up or go down, and on how much they pay in dividends.

The principle, of course, is the same as that behind the teachers' plan. Stock prices and dividends are generally high when the cost of living is high, and low when the cost of living is low. Therefore, the pensions will tend to follow the cost of living more closely than fixed-amount pensions will.

Now, college professors may appreciate this principle. But how about the man who works in overalls? Isn't he going to insist on a pension of so many dollars a month?

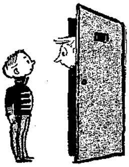
The employees of the utility company provided an answer to this question. They are unionized—belonging to the A.F.L.—and the new Equity Annuity Plan was negotiated between the company and union representatives. The plan went through smoothly, and the employees heartily endorsed it.

At least one other large company is planning one of these new pension programs. By the end of 1953, there may be dozens more in operation or on the way.

Is the trend a good thing for the country generally—all this money being put into common stocks? It seems to be fine for the country, any way you look at it. It is desirable, surely, to provide business with capital. And it is equally desirable that the people who work in industry have a stake in industry's profits and losses.

People roll up their shirtsleeves higher if they feel they are on the team and not just sitting on the sidelines.

No Need for Alarm



One Washington hotel has a new method of waking sleepy guests in the morning. The bellboy knocks on the door at the designated hour. "I have a message for you," he announces.

The guest jumps out of bed to open the door. "What is it?" he asks excitedly.

With a smile the bellboy explains to the guest, "It's time to get up, sir." —*The Al Koran*

AIR-CONDITIONING *for Every Home*

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Research and modern design have taken year-round comfort out of the luxury class

THIS YEAR WILL likely go down in history as the year that brought climate-control to the American home. Just as central heating created a revolution in home comfort 75 years ago, so is air-conditioning sweeping the country in a boom that promises to make it one of our biggest industries.

Millions spent on research since World War II have paid off with a variety of devices that have jumped out of the laboratory stage into mass production with unexpected swiftness. Now the industry is offering sleek, efficient room-sized air-conditioners for as little as $230, and larger whole-house units are so inexpensive that they are already being offered in homes selling for as little as $7,000.

"At last," says a research engineer of the Philco Corporation, "air-conditioning is priced low enough for the average family budget."

Last year, Americans handed out more than $250,000,000 to have air-conditioning in their homes. At that, dealers had to turn away at least 100,000 perspiring citizens because overworked assembly lines were not able to keep up with the popular demand.

With nearly 70 companies now in a field where there were fewer than 20 in 1952, Robert A. Seidel, vice-president of the RCA Victor Division, expects that the industry this year will at least double its 1952 record sale of close to 425,000 room units.

Moreover, the industry can count on installing whole-house systems in at least 50,000 homes, of which 30,000 will be new ones.

In addition to the rash of newcomers, which include established companies in such fields as furnace, refrigerator and appliance manufacture, old-timers in the field have increased production by staggering proportions. Carrier, for instance, has gone up by 400 per cent. General Electric is making units for factories, stores and offices as well as working on 190 different models for residences.

Last year, the National Association of Home Builders told engineers that if they wanted to sell very many of their whole-house climate improvers, they would have to build them to meet the standards of a seemingly impossible set of specifications.

The cost could not run more than ten per cent of the price of the home. The unit could not occupy more than 12 square feet of space. It had to be foolproof—the customer wouldn't stand for any temperamental mechanism. And it had to be noiseless.

Some experts shook their heads. Yet, organized research soon scored another victory. This year, you can buy a unit that neatly fits into a hall closet and yet handily air-conditions a sizable house.

The key to this achievement is the engineers' success in licking the noise problem. To show what they have done, makers of one unit invited engineers and architects to visit a home in which they had installed a '53 model. After the visitors were seated in the living room, they were asked, "All right, where is it?"

One listener thought the mere whisper of sound came from the kitchen, another from the hall. Actually, the unit was housed in a closet in the living room where they were sitting.

ONE SPECTACULAR DEVICE is creating so much excitement that some enthusiasts declare it "the greatest development in climate control since man discovered fire and moved indoors." Called the heat pump, it may supplant other kinds of cooling and heating systems in the future. This year, for the first time, several big companies are in the field with a workable heat pump at a price that comes closer to the cost of conventional heating and cooling systems.

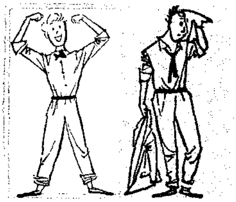
Pumps already air-condition hundreds of homes, offices and industrial buildings throughout the country. Since 1931, one has air-conditioned the huge plant of the Southern California Edison Company of Los Angeles. For 13 years, another has air-conditioned a four-story office building of the Ohio Power Company at Portsmouth, Ohio. Since 1932, others have successfully served homes in the different climates of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Idaho.

"The heat pump is no here-today, gone-tomorrow novelty," emphasize researchers of General Electric. The system puts to work two scientific facts applied more than 100 years ago by the great British physicist, Lord Kelvin. First, heat is everywhere, even on freezing days. It is in the air, the ground, in well water. Secondly, when two objects meet, the warmer loses heat to the cooler one. For years, however, scientists pondered: how could man put these facts to use?

Developers of the mechanical refrigerator found the answer first. The basic elements in refrigeration are a fluid coolant, an evaporator, a compressor and a condenser. As the fluid flows through the coils of the evaporator (sunk in the walls of the freezing compartment), it picks up heat and is changed into a gas. This gas flows through the compressor into the condenser coil, where it gives up its heat to the air of the kitchen and, in doing so, reverts to a liquid state. The cycle is continually repeated.

The heat pump works the same way—except that the functions of the evaporator and condenser are interchangeable. In cooling a house, the fluid picks up indoor heat in the evaporator, expels it outdoors through the condenser. A flick of a switch reverses the process for heating—the fluid picks up heat from an outside source, such as well water or the ground, itself. During the condensation stage, this heat is given up to warm the air inside the house.

Experts predict startling innovations when heat pumps get into mass production. For example, the Edison Electric Institute, an organization supported by electric light and power companies throughout the nation, cites this possibility: a hookup between your refrigerator or food freezer and the oven. Heat thrown out by the freezer helps cook your meals—cool air pulled from the stove helps cool your freezer!



F. R. Ellenberger, development engineer for GE's pump, predicts: "Such a unit in the future will provide hot and cold water, conditioned air the year 'round, and heating and cooling for associated appliances. Heat pumped from the freezing and cold storage compartments will help heat the air and domestic water. Heat otherwise wasted in the kitchen exhaust and in drying clothes could be largely recovered."

WHO CAN AFFORD a completely air-conditioned home? Anybody, say the home builders, "who can pay $4 to $6 more in monthly payments on a packaged mortgage." In the words of experts of the Fedders-Quigan Corporation, "For $800 to $1,200 more than it would cost you for a good warm-air heating system alone, you can have your home heated in the winter, cooled in the summer, and enjoy dehumidified air throughout the year."

These are costs in the case of new homes, which are making possible such projects as the one in Westbury, Long Island, where 450 air-conditioned homes are now being constructed.

A national survey of home builders revealed that 40 per cent of them, in every section of the country, plan to offer air-conditioned homes this year. Cloud Wampler, president of Carrier, predicts that "before long, any new residence built without air-conditioning will be as obsolete as the house constructed today without central heating."

Just what the cost will be to the owner of an existent house who wants it air-conditioned will depend on what kind of a heating system it has. If it is forced warm air, he is set for a low-priced job in the same range as that for a new house, because the present ducts can be used for cool air as well as for warm. If the heating system, however, uses hot water or steam, adaptation of the system is likely to prove more expensive.

However, the engineers have been working on this problem and have found that with the new small units placed in a closet, the ducts are usually short and easily installed. A fair statement of cost for an average six-room house would be from $800 to $2,000.

Operating costs vary with locality. Not including fuel for heating, studies show that a new type air-conditioner in a climate like that of Dallas will cost about $93 a year to operate; in New Jersey, it would cost about $50.

For people living in apartments, the best way to introduce climate control is probably to buy a room air-conditioner. Engineers have been working to improve these room-sized units and get them out of the hot-weather luxury class. How well they have succeeded can be shown by putting one 1953 model through its paces.

You get your first evidence that here is something more than a "room cooler" (a term which causes the makers anguish), when you take a look at the dial, with its seven different positions. Snap it first to "Dyna Cool." Down goes the room temperature, giving you quick relief. Switch to "Nite Cool" for more economical operation when the demand is not so great. Snap it to another position, labeled "Arid Dryer," and down goes the humidity.

Try "Ventilate," and quantities of fresh air come in from outside, at outdoor temperature when it happens to be right for comfort, or properly cooled or warmed to the right level when it isn't. Turn to another dial location, "Cool and Exhaust," and all the smoke in the air and trace of unpleasant odor vanish from the room.

You won't want to try one setting on a summer day, because it is the one that turns the unit into a heater, pouring conditioned, heated air into the room.

What will a room air-conditioner cost you?

The answer depends, of course, on what make you buy and how big a room it is going to serve. The average cost might be set at $300, with some small units, such as the one made by the Mitchell Manufacturing Company, running as low as $229.95, while some larger and more elaborate ones may even run as high as $400.

Recognizing that people might well want an air-conditioner in one room during the day, in another at night, some makers are offering portable units. They sit on a wheeled cart and can be rolled to any window and plugged into a socket.

HOME PLANNERS GET enthusiastic when they think about the sweeping changes air-conditioning can bring to the home of the future that is designed to take full advantage of indoor climate control.

The architect will get a new tool to work with—the solid wall. At present, the need for ventilation, as well as light, determines how a home must be located on a lot and laid out inside. Using a solid wall, a house can have a new standard of privacy as views of streets and neighboring houses are blanked out. Inside, the solid-wall surfaces will permit better use of built-in storage cupboards, closets, shelves and fireplaces, and simplify furniture arrangement.

The family will live in a far cleaner, easier-to-care-for house, since, with dust removed from the air, cleaning will be cut to a bare minimum and light-colored fabrics that now get dingy so quickly will remain bright.

Architects are happily discovering that probably all this is possible without paying anything for the air-conditioning. There is no catch to this—just the simple fact that they can eliminate a lot of items like breezeways, porches, screens, awnings, movable sashes, expensive high-pitched roofs and attic fans. Such changes in design as placing bathrooms where they won't occupy outer wall space can add further economies.

Perhaps the most striking benefit will be one hard to reckon in dollars—better health. The air-conditioning makers are used to getting letters like the one from a Cincinnati asthma sufferer, whose ailment had been completely relieved by the filtered, dust-and-pollen-free air in her newly air-conditioned home. "You saved my life," she wrote gratefully.

In special studies sponsored by the Air Conditioning Research Foundation of the Mitchell Manufacturing Company in Chicago, doctors made continued observations of 25 patients, 12 suffering from a heart ailment, the others normal. In experiments in rooms with regulated temperature, all those suffering from heart ailments showed immediate signs of collapse when the temperature rose to 104 degrees.

In another study, also sponsored by the Foundation, it was found that, in persons with no heart condition, as soon as the temperature reaches 95 degrees, a heart strain is produced that compares with the reaction to heavy labor under ordinary conditions.

With all its benefits, there is no doubt that home air-conditioning is becoming one of the big industries of the '50's. Even if it didn't make you healthier and give you a better home to live in, it would be bound to keep right on growing on the strength of its ability to provide just plain cool comfort.

Ah, Paris!

PARIS is the middle-aged woman's paradise. —ARTHUR WING PINERO

NORMAN READER, of the French Government Tourist Office in New York, is convinced that there's hardly anyone making a trip to France who doesn't want to let the world know about it. Accordingly, he has made up neat little cards that can be hung on door or desk. They say "Gone to France . . . Back in . . . " —*Tide*

AN AMERICAN who speaks French can only be understood by other Americans who have also just arrived in Paris. —FRED ALLEN

BACK FROM the Continent and asked how he liked the French capital, Ernest Hemingway replied: "I did not like Paris at all. The city was quite different from the descriptions in my books."

—*London Evening News*

YOUNG MEN see Paris with a wild yell; old men, with a deep sigh.

—*Pipe Dreams*

THE TROUBLE WITH PARIS is that by the time a man saves enough money to come here, he's already married and has to bring his wife with him. —ART BUCHWALD (*New York Herald-Tribune*)

30 Years a Fake Doctor

by PETER WYDEN

For this daring medical impostor, society could write but one prescription: prison

THE PATIENT on the operating table in the Enloe Hospital at Chico, California, was in precarious condition. His appendix had ruptured and gangrene had set in.

The time was 1942, and many of today's infection-preventing miracle drugs were not available. Understandably, the head physician looked grave. However, the new chief assistant, Dr. James H. Phillips, examined the patient with care —and asserted that he could operate successfully.

The air was tense as the calm, bespectacled Dr. Phillips made the initial incision. It was a delicate operation, but his steady hands wielded the instruments expertly and kept intact his boast of never having lost a patient in surgery.

The operation was nothing unusual in the astonishing medical career of Dr. James H. Phillips. Just before accepting the appointment in Chico, he had completed four years as a contract surgeon responsible for the health of hundreds of boys in Civilian Conservation Corps camps. Government efficiency reports rated him from "satisfactory" to "excellent," and when he brought a CCC boy to Dr. E. T. Enloe's hospital in Chico, and operated on him with evident skill, Dr. Enloe invited Dr. Phillips to become a member of his staff.

About that time, coincidentally, a special agent for the California State Board of Medical Examiners began working on a narcotics case. Checking a pile of prescriptions, he ran across a couple of hundred signed "J.H.P., M.D." or "J.H. Phillips, M.D." They had no connection with the case, but it so happens that California law requires doctors to use full first and last names in signing prescriptions.

Though a minute discrepancy, it set the agent to checking into the background of the man known as Dr. Phillips. It proved fruitful research, for it developed that Phillips had never attended medical school and that his career made up, as the *Journal* of the American Medical Association put it, "one of the most amazing stories of medical imposture" on record.

"The amazing feature is not the man's colossal impudence and foolhardiness," the *Journal* added, "but rather the fact that he was able to conduct himself in an operating room in such a way as to avoid suspicion."

All Phillips had was stupendous nerve and a convincing manner. He fooled not only patients in 11 states, who found the "Doc" satisfactory and never questioned his authenticity, but also the U. S. Government, several county and state health departments, and dozens of reputable physicians, nurses and administrators in various hospitals.

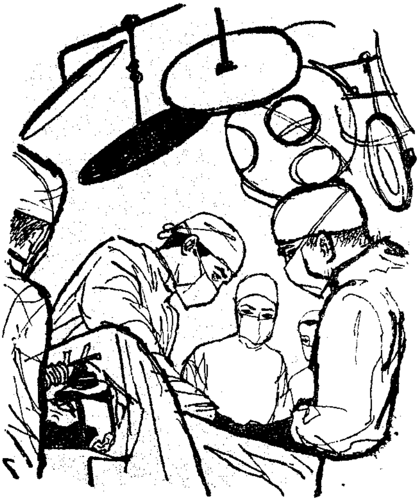
It was all so absurdly simple that the "Doc" could never see why anyone should get upset over his successes. There was no secret to it, the astounding impostor explained. He just never started cutting at anything without first convincing himself that he would be able to sew it up again. Take brain surgery, for instance.

"I've assisted at brain surgery, but I've never done it alone. I know my limitations. . . . I haven't done anything harmful, only good," he insisted, "and I'll stack my skill in medicine against any surgeon, man to man."

Nevertheless, Phillips was given two concurrently running sentences: for practicing medicine without a license, and for illegal possession of firearms (a revolver had been found in his car).

It was a familiar turn of fate for "Doc" Phillips. Rarely has a faker been unmasked more often and less permanently. Certainly, no one has ever gone to so much trouble to remain loyal to his chosen profession.

The "Doc" started soaking up medical lore shortly after he was born Arthur Osborne Phillips on July 28, 1894, in Malone, New York, a county seat south of the Canadian border. He befriended the local doctor's boy and started making the rounds with the doctor.



"He wanted me to study medicine, but we had no money," Phillips recalls. "So I went around with him and absorbed it all. I have a photographic memory and I'm not exactly dumb."

The "Doc" claims to have taken biology and bacteriology courses at the University of Buffalo, but the university has no record of him.

Phillips' baptism as a pill dispenser came in World War I. He was a private in a medical detachment. Investigators report that he served as orderly to Lt. James Herman Phillips, a young doctor from Dora, Alabama, who graduated from the University of Tennessee College of Medicine in 1916. He was no relation, but he turned out to be the key man in the "Doc's" later life.

During the 1918-19 influenza epidemic, the ex-private volunteered for service in a Cumberland, Maryland, emergency hospital. He called himself a laboratory technician, but a supervisor found him poking a finger into a sterile test tube and fired him.

A Cumberland concern needed a chemist and Phillips applied for the job immaculately attired, wearing impressive black-rimmed glasses which were rare at that time. He sold himself as an analyst of metals and had calling cards printed, announcing himself as "Dr. Arthur O. Phillips, B.S., Chemical Engineer."

Phillips wasn't fired from that job. He merely showed up less and less frequently and finally vanished, leaving behind him a trail of worthless checks.

Somehow he got a job with the U. S. Public Health Service, but lasted only three months. Not much later, posing as Dr. Arthur O. Phillips, he was fined $50 and served a week in Tombs Prison, New York City, for impersonating a government officer.

He served time here and there for passing bad checks, defrauding a hotel and false pretense, using these jail sojourns to enhance his medical education. By then, his background was solid enough for Dr. N. B. Steward to entrust him with surgery at Maryland's State House of Correction Hospital, where the "Doc" was quite literally a resident.

"A good worker," remembers Dr. Steward. "Took lots of interest in his work."

At large once more, the "Doc" somehow got word that Dr. James H. Phillips, his former lieutenant in the Medical Corps, had been confined at a mental institution for veterans since 1921. He called on the real Dr. Phillips' family in Alabama, represented himself as a wartime buddy of the physician and asked, for old times' sake, to sleep in his friend's room. On the wall hung a medical license for James Herman Phillips. When the "Doc" left, the license also left.

His next job was making contact with his new alma mater, the University of Tennessee College of Medicine. He needed to know a little bit about the place. He also needed a diploma.

First, the "Doc" wrote the school for old yearbooks and catalogues. Soon, Monroe County Infirmary in Rochester, New York, asked the school if a Dr. James H. Phillips had graduated from there, and was advised that he had.

A month before, the University had heard from Phillips. Signing himself as Resident Surgeon, Commission of Public Welfare, Monroe County, he had sent an affidavit stating that he had lost his 1916 graduation diploma during the war. The University supplied a duplicate by mail.

The "Doc," now solidly in business as Dr. James H. Phillips, popped up in Charleston, West Virginia, and was accepted in the state medical association.

One hot day that summer, Wendell Wilcox, for whom Phillips once worked as oiler in an aluminum plant in New York, stopped his car in front of a Charleston hotel. As he stepped out, a man in hospital whites spoke to him. It was Phillips.

Proudly, the "Doc" explained how he had worked his way through medical school after leaving New York and was on the local hospital staff. He insisted that Wilcox look the hospital over and meet some of his associates.

"I went away feeling that this was little enough recognition of a young fellow who had apparently done a fine job," Wilcox says. "It became obvious as I met nurses and

other doctors at the hospital that he was popular and highly regarded."

All might have gone well in Charleston if Phillips had not become overly ambitious and submitted a technical paper to the West Virginia Medical *Journal*. This proved a dead giveaway. Discharged from the hospital, he went into private practice.

The next seven years, with only brief vacations in prisons, were a golden era for "Doc" Phillips. He now knew enough medicine to become a trusted doctor in small Southern and Western towns where demand for medical services was great, competition small, and the danger of discovery least likely.

In Cuba, New Mexico, he is remembered as a devoted practitioner who rode his rounds on cow ponies, and also officiated as veterinarian and dentist. He performed orthopedic operations, and did Caesarean sections on kitchen tables.

"You have to do it in 14 minutes," he would explain condescendingly to laymen.

Repeatedly, Phillips worked up a fine practice from which he claimed to make as high as $10,000 a year, the only drawback being that he had to keep moving. Authorities were unable ever to convict him of a single medical misstep, but sooner or later his brash personality and colorful FBI record caught up with him.

While serving one Federal sentence, he enrolled "by extension" at Pennsylvania State College and became a member of its alumni association. He still carries the membership card in his wallet.

His claim of having earned a graduate degree from Penn State appears overdrawn, however, although he did receive a certificate from the School of Agriculture, quite possibly the only diploma he ever acquired honestly. It certifies that "James H. Phillips, A.M., M.D." completed a correspondence course in stock feeding, butter making and technology of milk.

ON JUNE 1, 1949, the genial, pipe-smoking "Doc" with the big, honest brown eyes boarded a westbound bus in Leavenworth, Kansas, and fell to chatting with a wealthy widow four years his senior. In August they were married. Mrs. Phillips bought the "Doc" a car for a wedding present and the couple settled down in Hutchinson, Kansas, her home town.

The "Doc" was liked in Kansas. As a courtesy, he treated youngsters of his new family's friends with spectacular success and without fee. Everybody who met him thought it was a shame he had no license to practice in Kansas.

The following June, his car collided with a truck and turned over six times. It was a bad accident for Phillips, in more ways than one. He was a patient at the Fowler, Kansas, hospital when an insurance adjustor called on him. The "Doc" had serious neck and arm injuries, but he was cocky and spun a remarkable tale. The adjustor was struck by his story—and by his grimy hands and dirty fingernails—and began checking.

The accident grew into a damage suit. Characteristically, there was no need for the "Doc" to risk a court appearance. He had been sued for $600 over the car crack-up. But he righteously countered with a

$40,000 suit of his own, including $35,000 balm for inability to practice medicine.

It looked like routine litigation. Yes, Phillips gravely told opposition counsel, he had practiced for 34 years. Yes, he was also a graduate engineer. Yes, he had lately been an army doctor for the Chinese Nationalists.

Suddenly, after a day's dreary testimony, the attorney turned to him and demanded:

"Your name is what?"

"James H. Phillips."

"Now tell the jury your real name!" the attorney countered.

The "Doc" withered visibly. Asked, finally, if it wasn't true that he was not licensed to practice medicine anywhere, he meekly conceded: "That is right."

Twice tried and convicted of perjury, "Doc" Phillips is now serving three concurrent 15 to 20-year sentences at the Kansas State Penitentiary. He scribbles medical papers in his cell and peruses Penn State alumni bulletins which relatives forward to him, along with medical literature that keeps coming from drug companies, with whom he keeps in touch.

He was furious when prison officials insisted that he stop signing his spurious doctor's title to his correspondence. But everyone still calls him "Doc," which he regards as just recognition for his 30-year "career" in medicine.

Royal Offering

ONE OF INDIA'S fabulously wealthy maharajas once engaged an American engineer to construct a large dam near his capital. The job was swiftly completed in record time and the delighted maharaja, in addition to paying the substantial fee that had been agreed upon in their contract, tried to present the engineer with a handful of gleaming, precious rubies as a token of his deep appreciation.

"I'm pleased you like the dam I constructed for you," the engineer said simply, "but I can't take your rubies. The fee which we decided upon was more than adequate."

The maharaja then offered him a large, valuable diamond. When again the American refused the present, the potentate said, "You simply must take some little gift from me, my friend, or it will be my turn to be offended."

"All right," agreed the engineer, "but let's make it a token gift—something simple. For instance, golf clubs are rather scarce at home now, and since golf has always been my favorite recreation, I'd like a couple of golf clubs."

The maharaja agreed and the engineer returned to America, where he promptly forgot about the whole thing. Some three months later, however, he received a cable from India.

"My agents have combed the United States," the maharaja had wired, "and selected three golf clubs, which I have proceeded to purchase for you. I am sorry to inform you, however, that only two of them have swimming pools."

—HOWIE LASSETER

TELL-TALE OF FASHION

by ROBERT Q. LEWIS

THE SHIP had scarcely docked when every tongue in 16th-century Venice was voicing news of her arrival. But it was sad news, for she was the sole survivor of a fleet of merchant vessels which had been expected to return from the Indies, laden with riches. The others had vanished in a storm.

But proud Lady Bonati had no time for mourning. Instead, she angrily paced the marble floor of her boudoir. "For the first time in years, my position as the social leader of this city is being threatened!" she exclaimed to her closest confidante.

"But who would dare challenge *you?*" asked the friend soothingly.

"That hussy, Grazianna Vespucci, of course!" Lady Bonati snapped. "She knows the captain of that ship and he has promised his entire cargo of brocades and satins to her and her second-rate circle."

"That means they'll be the most beautifully gowned women at the court ball next week," wailed the friend in dismay.

But Lady Bonati was not one to bow without a struggle. She quickly summoned her friends to a council.

"High coiffures and crests are definitely passé," she warned. "To focus attention on us, we must think of something new."

Plans were proposed, discussed, criticized and discarded, until it seemed the Vespucci faction would win by default. Then one woman cried, "I have it! This will put La Vespucci in her place!"

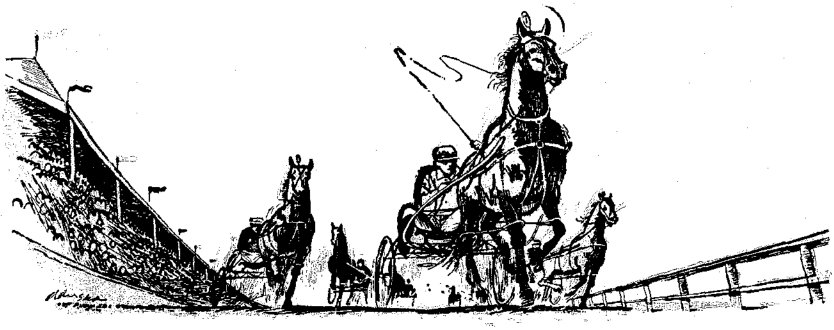
Swiftly she outlined her scheme. Lady Bonati nodded in agreement.

The skilled Venetian artisans had never heard of anything like it. These women were crazy! And this vow of secrecy—as if any man proud of his work would want anyone to know he had had a hand in such goings-on!

On the evening of the ball, the Bonati beauties swept confidently into court, glancing disdainfully at the sumptuous Oriental fabrics of the Vespucci set. The dancing stopped as everyone turned to gasp in admiration. As the Bonati clique had expected, they won the day—with the simple addition of a cork wedge at the bottom of each shoe, to give more height and, therefore, more distinction.

And had it not been for this struggle of the salons, women might never have heard of high heels!

Robert Q. Lewis stars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS radio, Monday through Saturday, and on *The Name's the Same*, ABC-TV Tuesdays.



LITTLE HORSE WITH A BIG HEART

by JOHN VINCENT

"Good Time" was always a favorite with harness-racing fans even when he lost

ONE BRISK, WINDY NIGHT last October, 16,000 chilled harness-racing fans at New York's Yonkers Raceway had their eyes glued on a pint-sized bay horse making a swift circuit of the track. The little pacer was not competing in a race, merely running around the oval in an effort to break the track record, but the crowd hummed with excitement.

"He'll never make it!" a grizzled stablehand muttered. "He's got an inflammation on his hind leg the size of a goose egg. Too bad. His last time out, too."

But when the diminutive bay wheeled his sulky past the wire, the timer flashed the result the spectators had been hoping for—a new record. While they cheered, the horse came shambling back past the stands with a peculiar side-wheeling gait. The band broke into the strains of *Auld Lang Syne*. Then the crowd grew quiet. They knew that they would never see the little champion race again.

"Good-by, Shorty!" a rail bird cried in a half-choked voice.

At the paddock gate, the stablehand grinned sheepishly at a friend. "Well," he said, "he did it again. Doggone it, he's been doing the impossible for so long now, I ought to know better."

The crowd's demonstration of affection fittingly rounded out the career of the most beloved harness horse in America and the greatest money-winning champion in the 150-year history of the sulky sport. Officially named "Good Time," but more popularly known as "Shorty" or "The Little Fellow," he is now retired.

Although his racing days are over, Good Time will always be remembered by more than a million fans who saw him race for five seasons, during which he won 78 of 110 starts and earned the record of $318,792.86. (No other pacer has reached even the $200,000 mark.)

For all his records and earnings, however, Shorty will be remembered most not for what he won, but for the way he won. He was an indomitable little battler who always raced with every ounce of strength and courage he possessed. Standing almost a half-foot under the average standard-bred horse, he was handicapped by a shorter stride, but more than made up for it with unquenchable courage.

From stable boys to racing officials, they all light up whenever Good Time is mentioned. "I've watched him race dozens of times," a horse owner remarked, "but I never failed to get a kick out of seeing the shrimp run bigger horses into the ground—and sometimes one of them would be mine, too."

Dr. J. William Fink, track veterinarian who has seen all the great harness horses since the turn of the century, expressed it another way. "Horses," he said, "are not supposed to have intelligence or reasoning, but I swear that sawed-off scamp always seemed to be thinking out ways to get in front."

As a yearling, Good Time was unimpressive, although bred from excellent blood lines. Frank Ervin, his trainer and driver, recalls the first time he ever saw the colt. "They came dragging him down to my barn in Lexington in the fall of 1947, to be schooled for the races. He was shaggy and scrawny, not much bigger than a Shetland pony. I took one look at him and told my men to put him in the back of the barn—out of sight!"

A few days later, Good Time's owner, William H. ("Bill") Cane, arrived to inspect the new crop of yearlings Ervin had in training for him. All the young horses were led out for Cane's appraisal, except Good Time. When the owner asked about him, Ervin reluctantly had the puny colt brought out.

Cane walked slowly around the colt, turned with a solemn face and said, "Frank, do you have a stall farther back in the barn? That's where we'd better put this runt."

It was not long, however, before the "runt" amply demonstrated that he rated the finest front stall. He gashed his leg so severely in his first race that it was thought he might be permanently lamed, but he quickly recovered.

Although he ran his races with relentless determination, Good Time's behavior before a contest was strangely lackadaisical. Known around the stables as a "lazy bones," he ambled onto the track with a ridiculous, rocking walk that caused him to weave from side to side like a sleepy rhumba dancer.

In warming up for a race, he had a habit of loafing along the outside rail. No matter how much his driver urged, he persisted in traveling at a leisurely clip, much to the delight of the crowd. Once the race began, however, he streaked like a bullet.

Shorty's laziness off the track once caused his groom, George Boggs, considerable embarrassment. Boggs had the little pacer harnessed to his sulky for an important race at a New York track where a ramp connects the paddock to the running strip. The horse stubbornly refused to walk up the slight grade.

"That lazy bones," Boggs recalls, "just wouldn't pull the sulky up the incline. I finally had to go round and pick it up myself before he'd move it. I was pretty mad at him—but then he went right out and won the race."

Good Time's biggest and most voluble admirer is owner Bill Cane. At his home in Goshen, New York, Cane has one room set aside just to display the trophies which Good Time has captured.

Cane, now 78, began breeding horses 30 years ago when he "retired" from a successful contracting business on the advice of his doctor, who told him to relax and "have a good time." He promptly named his stable the Good Time Stable, and when, in 1924, he purchased the track at Goshen where the famed Hambletonian Stake is held, he called it the Good Time Mile Track. It was a happy coincidence that his greatest horse should bear the same name.

Cane says he would not have sold Good Time for a million dollars. As for the race track fans, they generally had a bigger cheer for the little pacer than for the horses which occasionally beat him.

Most of his fans agree that Good Time's greatest race was his last. He faced a topnotch field. Everybody in the stands knew that it would be his final race, and to a man they were for him.

At the halfway mark, a thoroughbred with his sulky sailed past Good Time and another horse ranged up alongside to pocket the gamester against the rail. "He's through!" a fan screamed.

But Shorty wasn't through. As if answering his backers, he found a small opening and, when Driver Ervin chirped once, he flashed through with inches to spare to take the lead. Down the stretch he shook off still another challenger and won by three-quarters of a length, shaving the track record which, naturally, he had previously set himself.

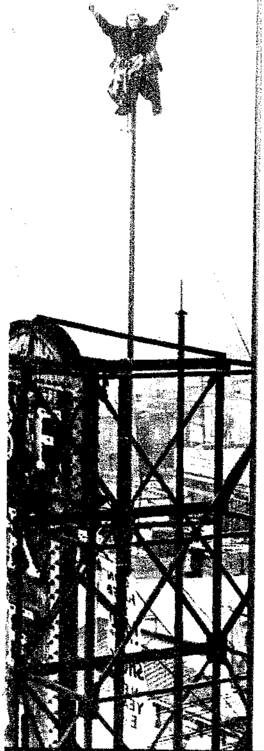
Before he retired, Good Time received a unique accolade. The U.S. Harness Writers' Association, which twice voted him "Horse of the Year," gave Shorty a formal banquet in the dining hall at Yonkers Raceway.

When the little pacer clumped down the carpet with his familiar, sleepy walk, the company applauded till the rafters rang. Then, while a hundred two-legged guests ate roast beef, Shorty, in a special stall, munched on carrots and apples from a huge silver platter.

After the dinner, a reporter asked how such a small horse was able to achieve such greatness. Bill Cane answered thoughtfully. "There's no explaining him," he said. "A horse like Shorty comes only once in a lifetime, and you just hope he happens to you."

Motherly Pride

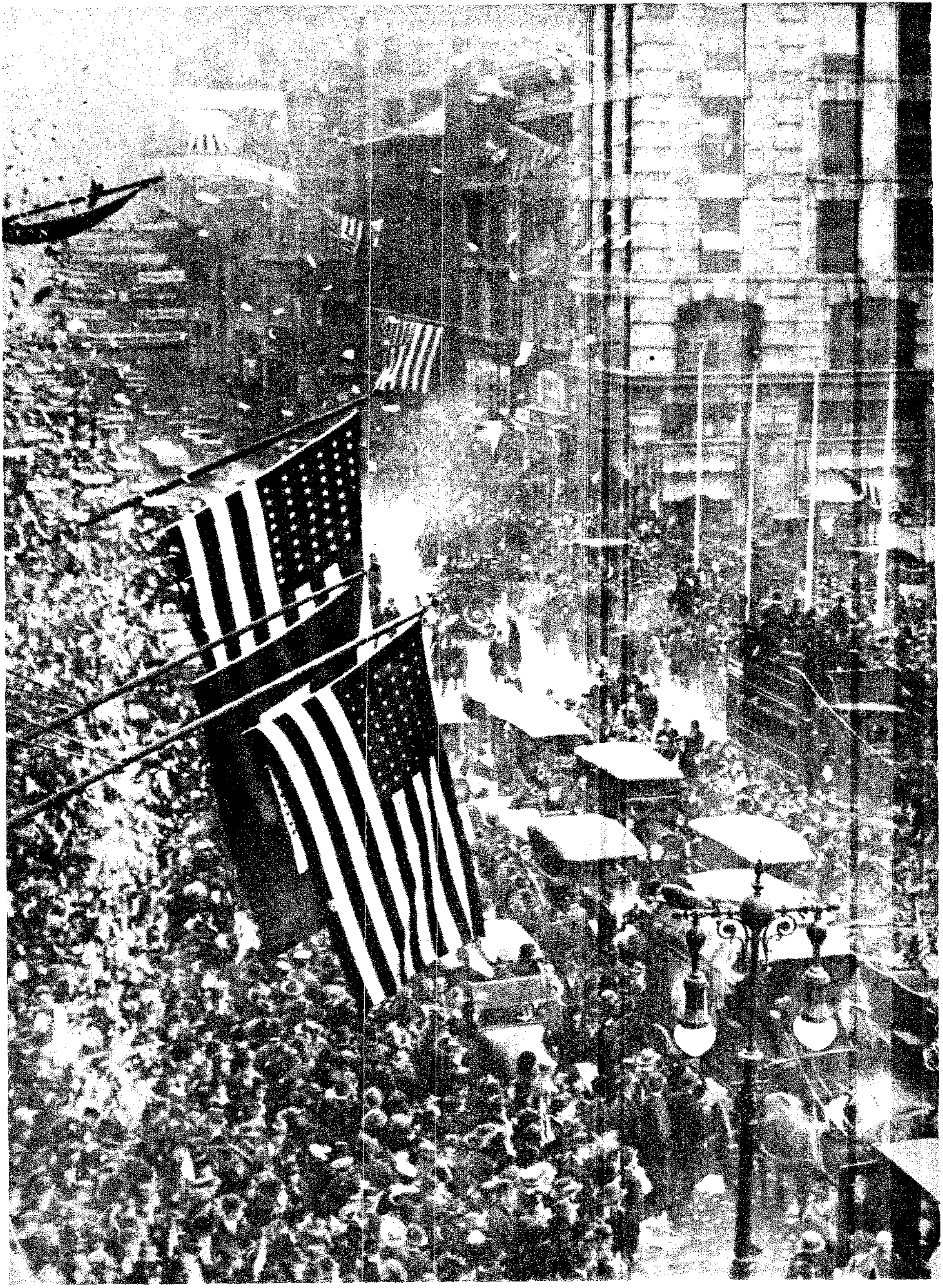
TWO STUFFY Park Avenue mothers were trying to outboast each other concerning the precocious acts of their young children. Finally one topped the other triumphantly with: "Why, only last week Junior went to the psychiatrist all by himself." —DOROTHY KILGALLEN (WOR)



THE ROARING TWENTIES

by **LAWRENCE ELLIOTT**

IT WAS A TIME of headlines about unlikely people and places: a man named Shipwreck Kelly perched atop a Baltimore flagpole for three weeks and broke a record; another, named Floyd Collins, died in a Kentucky cave and broke the nation's heart. It was a time, too, of heroes and heroics: Babe Ruth hit 60 home runs and the nation enshrined him as an idol. Movie fans did the same for Rudolph Valentino, and the whole world paid obeisance to Charles Lindbergh.



After a false alarm, cheers, ticker tape and the real Armistice: November 11, 1918.

IT WAS A TIME of fervor and flamboyance: on one side of the continent, Aimee Semple McPherson held California spellbound with fiery evangelism; on the other, a pair of Prohibition agents known as Izzy and Moe made a spectacular attempt to toughen the moral fiber of 6,000,000 New Yorkers by smashing every barrel of bootleg hooch they could lay their axes on.

The war was over. Next stop: normalcy.

It began in a trumpet of cheers and a blizzard of confetti: the boys were back from "Over There" and, as they marched up Fifth Avenue and down Main Street, America let them know that it was good to have them back.

It was good, too, to be finished with squabbling Europeans. Muted, perhaps, by the cheers, a great pent-up and collective sigh of relief was heard from Maine to California. "We've made the world safe for democracy," said pundits and citizenry alike. "Now let's get back to work."

But the first order of business turned out to be a celebration. No one expected that it would last ten years. On the other hand, no one made a strenuous effort to break it up and send the celebrants home.

Although Prohibition, that "Noble Experiment" in legislated morality, was the law of the land, its consequences were somewhat unexpected: rumrunners got rich; college boys carried flasks to the big game; and, on the property of the Senator who had written the 18th Amendment, a still was discovered, pumping out gallons of illegal whiskey every day.

The old-fashioned saloon, it is true, fell victim to the passion and hatchets of the Anti-Saloon League. But in its place, the speakeasy flourished. There was some mumbo-jumbo about peepholes and passwords, but anyone with a dollar and a thirst would be relieved of

High-button shoes on the brass rail; women drank next to men in the speakeasies.

Texas Guinan: Even in pants, a queen.

the first and treated for the second.

One of the raids made by that stalwart of enforcement, Izzy Einstein, began when he told a bartender that he was a Prohibition agent. The bartender chuckled. Izzy produced his badge. The bartender roared with laughter—"It looks just like a real one"—and, still giggling, served Izzy a drink. When he tried to make the arrest, however, Izzy was stumped. He had drunk the evidence.

By 1920, the party was in full swing. If anyone thought about the inevitable hangover, he did so in privacy and silence.

To complement a refurbished scheme of manners and morals and, perhaps, to commemorate victory in a century-long battle (they had just gained the right to vote), wom-

Ted Lewis: "Is everybody happy?" he asked audiences in 1920, and still asks today.

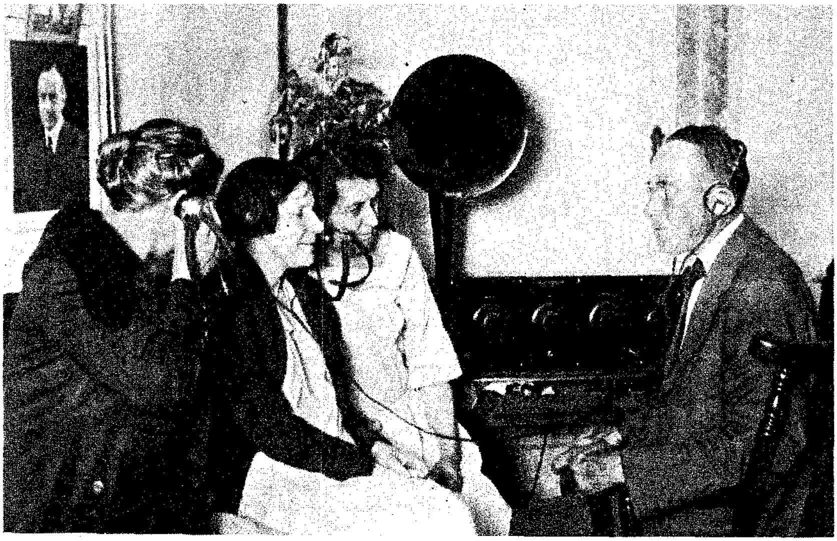
A girl was in danger of being arrested for wearing too little at the beach . . .

en gaily discarded those relics of prewar prudery—voluminous petticoats and unyielding corsets. Skirts crept higher and higher until, as one wag put it, they stood in mortal danger of disappearing altogether. The ladies took a fancy to boyish bobs and flat silhouettes from the bosom down, making it seem that with their campaign for equality won, they were now prepared to join the enemy camp.

On the beaches, nothing short of a stylistic revolution took place. Atlantic City's first bathing-beauty pageant, revealing skin-tight swimsuits and bare arms and legs, left many a male gaping. But few were willing to permit their wives to appear in such scanty attire—yet.

In the night spots, Libby Holman sang *Moanin' Low*, and jazz

. . . On the dance floor, anything went.



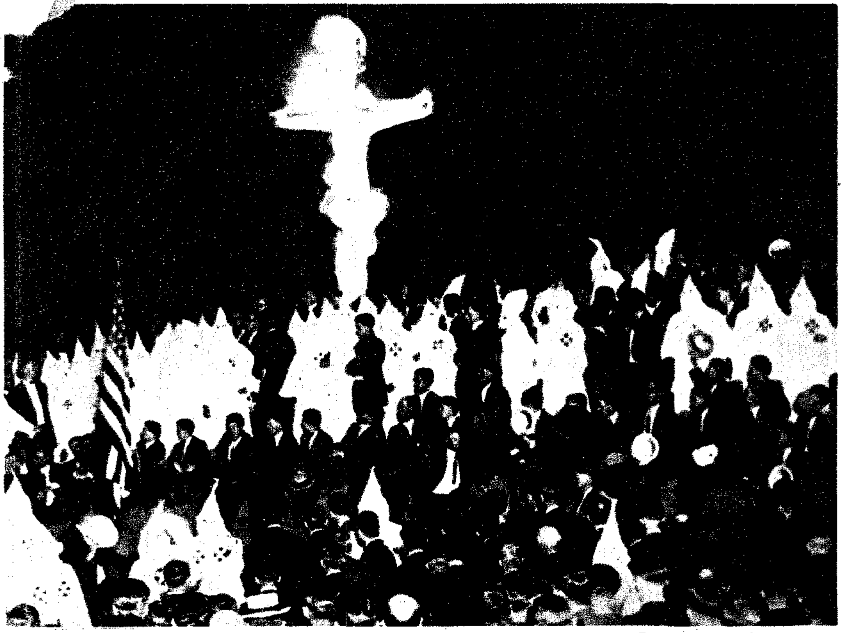
President Coolidge speaks in Washington, D. C.; his father tunes in in Vermont.

"The Interwoven Pair": Jones and Hare.

made its frenetic bow. To the raucous melody of *Yes, We Have No Bananas*, flappers and slick-haired smoothies gyrated across the floor in weird dances called the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

Decorum was passé. Any public figure who flouted propriety as did New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker and the cabaret circuit's Texas Guinan—"Hello, Suckers"—was canonized. It became popular to blame all the world's ills on constraint and conservatism. Now, with the shackles of convention lifted, s-e-x was packed into everyone's conversational kit. Many a harried father, overwhelmed by this rising tide of abandon, grudgingly conceded that he would be satisfied so long as it held fast to the talking stage.

And then, like a two-headed giant stunned by its ability to play



Ku Klux Klan: For Jews, Catholics, Negroes, fiery crosses and a reign of terror.

made consoles. Some 15,000,000 fans "heard" the World Series of 1926, and the heyday of Amos and Andy and Eddie Cantor—"We want Cantor"—was under way.

Meanwhile, in a little Michigan town called Highland Park, a thin, ascetic-looking man by the name of Ford, making full use of an assembly line, a $5-a-day pay scale and a monumental stubbornness, turned out his 10,000,000th automobile in 1924. That Model T—like all the other 9,999,999—was somberly black and angular, but what had once been a rich man's toy was now within the reach of the very workers who built them.

Stanley Steamers, Maxwells, Locomobiles—these once-magic

Jailed for a thrill: Leopold and Loeb.

Silent Cal Coolidge: "If society lacks meaning and virtue, it will perish."

names no longer excited small boys and tempted fathers. Chrysler, Durant, Chevrolet—and, of course, Ford—were now the cars to conjure with. By the time Henry Ford unveiled his Model A in 1927, it had become clear that there was no longer any need for drivers to "git a horse" and, as concrete highways began to replace the quagmires of earlier motoring days, the tow-rope, the duster and the compass ceased to be standard motoring equipment.

Radios and automobiles—one designed to keep the family at home, the other intended to lure them outdoors—fitted the let-yourself-go days as truly as the new bathing suits fitted their alluring wearers. But unhappily, all was not fish and chips in that reckless time of no holds barred and all bars booming.

Inevitably, the party got rough, and a strange assortment of characters worked their way from the back of the nation's newspapers into glaring front-page headlines. Children played gangsters and G-men in the street; adults read of gang mayhem with an odd mixture of fear and morbid fascination.

In Illinois, two brilliant college students brutally killed a young boy for no apparent reason.

"Why?" asked the police. "Why did you do it?"

"For the thrill," answered Loeb and Leopold.

The Ku Klux Klan, with a courage born of white sheets and whips, touted their 101 per cent Americanism, then proceeded to graphically demonstrate their ignorance of all things American by launching a reign of bloodshed and terror.

The people themselves, caught up in a wave of Red-hunting and brutality, railroaded two radicals to death for a crime in which their guilt was far from proven. Thousands of sober-minded citizens enrolled in the struggle to save Sacco and Vanzetti, but to no avail.

Leading the field of infamy was a dumpy, scarfaced graduate of a New York hoodlum gang named Alphonse Capone. Guns and gall were his claim to fame, and he rode them to the top of the underworld hierarchy. At the age of 32, Al Capone was the undisputed overlord of a crime machine that raked in $60,000,000 a year from the sale of illegal whiskey. You didn't argue with Capone. You bought.

In an armored car surrounded by bodyguards, he rode the streets of Chicago with brash impunity. He intimidated police officials and judges. But one day, he made the mistake of offending the President-elect and he wound up in jail.

It happened in a Miami Beach hotel. Herbert Hoover was graciously accepting the plaudits of a group of well-wishers when suddenly all eyes left him to gape admiringly at a pasty-faced, cigar-smoking man who had just entered the lobby.

"Who is that?" asked Hoover.

"Al Capone," was the answer.

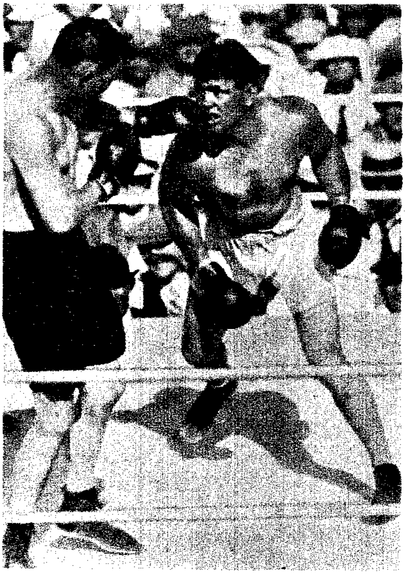
Hoover said nothing, but the memory of that night in Miami Beach stayed with him. At his very first Cabinet meeting, the new President made a startling announcement: "Al Capone must go to jail —soon!"

And soon, Capone, convicted of owing the government some $200,000 in income taxes, was sentenced to 11 years in prison.

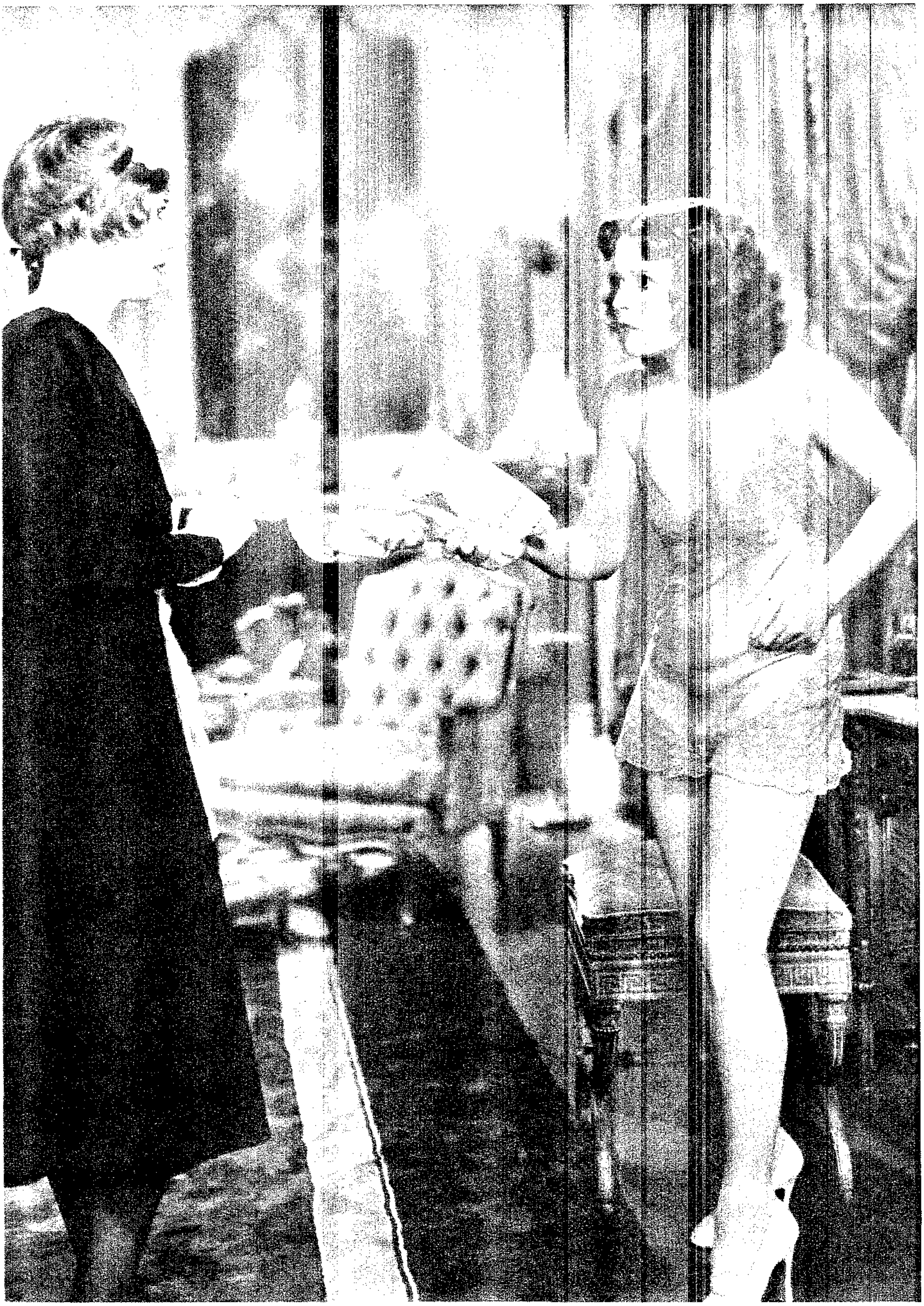
An era was ending.

Besides Ziegfeld girls and the Vanities, there was John "Hamlet" Barrymore.

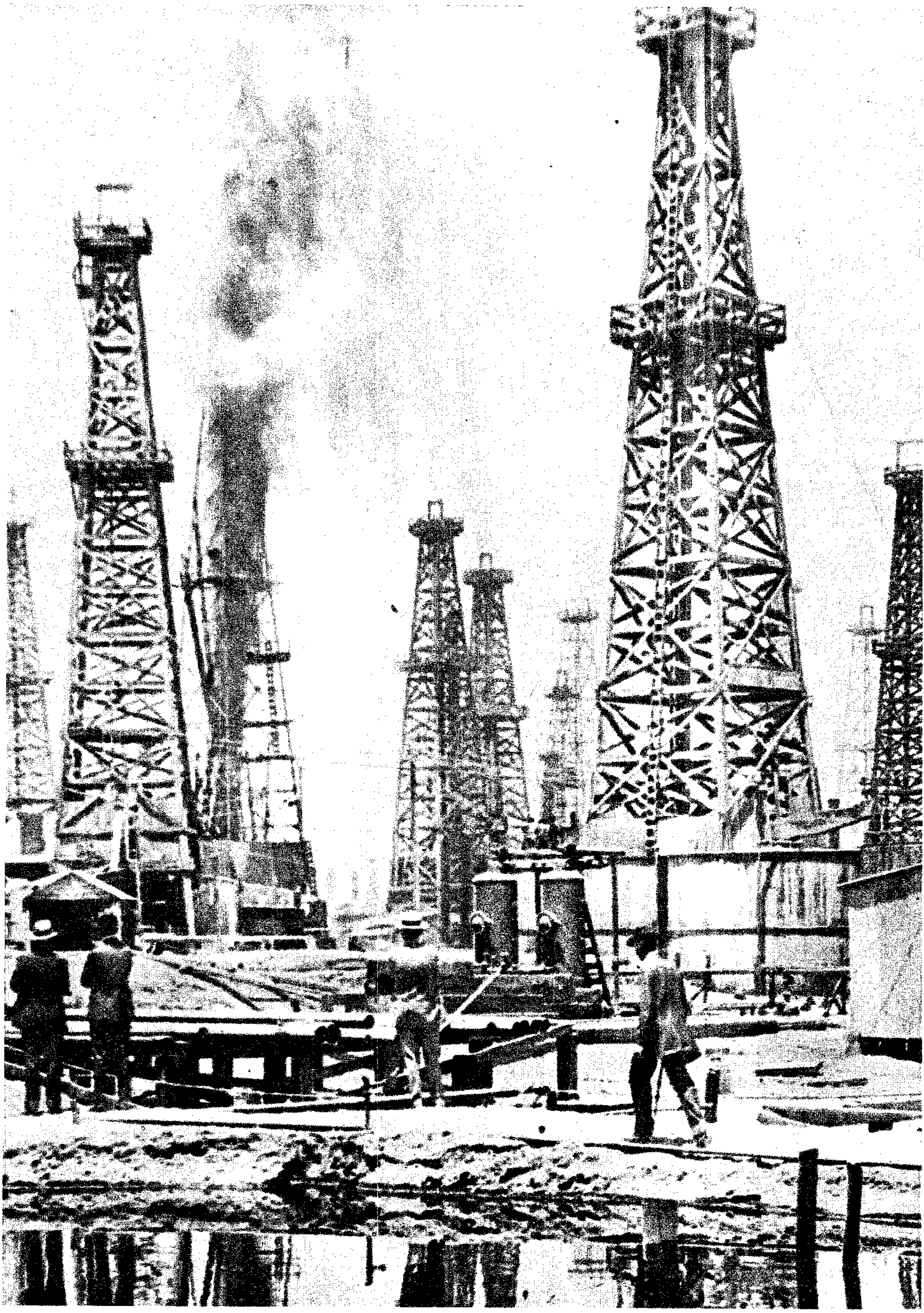
Scott Fitzgerald: Chronicler of the times.



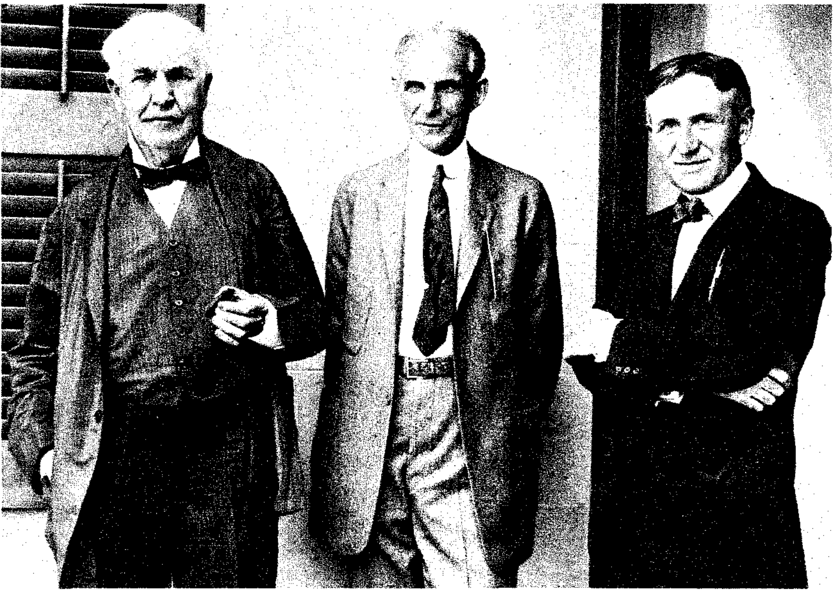
Jack Dempsey: The tiger of the ring.



Her charms needed no sound track; Clara Bow was Hollywood's "It" girl.



Autos rolled off the assembly line in Michigan; oil gushed skyward in California.



Three great captains of industry: Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone.

SCOTT FITZGERALD called it the Jazz Age—"We awoke to find ourselves in a world in which all wars had been fought, all victories won"—and Hemingway said it was peopled by a lost generation.

Most Americans, however, far from feeling lost, were having the time of their lives. They felt exalted, somehow, by Lindbergh's lonely and heroic flight across the Atlantic. Joyously they joined in the acclaim for all the giants who walked their best of all possible worlds: Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones, the Prince of Wales, J. P. Morgan, Thomas Edison, Clarence Darrow and Dr. Emil Coué—"Day by day in every way I am getting better and better."

The movies had found a voice and, though Valentino was gone, the people were happy with their new princes and princesses of the silver screen.

But they were happiest of all with the prosperity that President Hoover said would "end poverty for all time." On Wall Street, stocks soared higher and higher—and higher. Daily jumps of 10 to 15 points were common; some values—on paper—doubled in a week.

And then, on a bleak October day in 1929, something happened. Newspapers told of a stock-market crash and panic in that citadel of prosperity, The Street. Farm prices tumbled and unemployment rose. Inexplicably, bewilderingly, the party was over. It was time, at last, to wash the glasses, empty the ash trays and do something about that awful hangover.

Charles Lindbergh and his wife: Good will for all America flew with them.

The Story of Pepperidge Bread . . . .

500,000 Loaves a Week

by **William B. Hartley**

Not long ago, a sergeant in Korea wrote to an American bread manufacturer in Norwalk, Connecticut. He said he could stand the discomforts of Korea pretty well, but he felt that he just couldn't get along without a taste of "that wonderful bread of yours."

"One loaf," he pleaded. "Whole wheat, please."

The bread crossed 7,000 miles of the U. S. and the Pacific by air, reaching Korea eight days later. It was in good condition. The soldier found some tuna fish for a spread, and shared the slices with a few appreciative friends. In the months that followed, more loaves were shipped to him, all with the compliments of the manufacturer.

One day a package appeared on the desk of the manufacturer. It contained the sergeant's thank-you gift—a magnificent Oriental fan, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Mrs. Margaret Rudkin, founder of the bread-making industry called Pepperidge Farm, Inc., is proud of that fan. But she wasn't too surprised by the sergeant's craving for her bread. During almost 16 years, she has seen purchasers in ever-increasing numbers develop a fanatical liking for the products of her firm. Indeed, her files are filled with letters from a unique group of DP's—displaced Pepperidge addicts who want to know how they can get their favorite bread in distant places.

The object of all this adulation is an old-fashioned, hand-kneaded loaf of firm texture and distinctive taste. The white bread is made of unbleached flour—a type not artificially bleached by chemicals; the whole wheat grain is stone-ground, just as it used to be in Colonial days.

To produce the bread and a number of associated products, such as poultry dressing and half a dozen types of "Brown & Serve" rolls (the kind you finish cooking at home), Pepperidge has four active plants—two in Norwalk, and others in Downingtown, Pennsylvania, and Downers Grove, Illinois. Bread production alone exceeds 500,000 loaves a week.

"It's my fairy tale," Margaret Rudkin likes to say. And she's right, for her entire success story began some years ago in a corner of her kitchen.

Until 1937, this handsome, red-haired woman paid little attention to bread-making. Born in New York City, she had worked in a bank and later in a brokerage firm. There she met Henry A. Rudkin, a vigorous man who liked outdoor life—particularly polo.

In 1927, the Rudkins purchased a farm outside of Fairfield, Connecticut. They called it Pepperidge Farm—"pepperidge" being the name of a tree found in various New England states.

Although trained in the business world of New York, Margaret Rudkin was content to be a housewife and the mother of three sons. Southern New England is a pleasant place in which to raise a family; and life at Pepperidge Farm would have been idyllic except that the youngest Rudkin boy, John, suffered from asthma. It seemed to Mrs. Rudkin that his condition might be improved by a better diet—including, in particular, old-fashioned bread of the sort made in home kitchens from simple ingredients.

So she found an old grist mill which was making stone-ground whole wheat flour and mixed in such ingredients as whole fresh milk, pure country butter, honey, salt, water, pure molasses and yeast. The first loaf was rough in texture but tasty—unlike the product of commercial bakeries. As Mrs. Rudkin made more loaves, her technique improved. So did John's health.

At the suggestion of friends, eight loaves were baked and delivered to Mercurio's Market in nearby Fairfield. They sold out at once. Pepperidge Farm, Inc., was under way.

THE REST of the story is a strange and heartening record of ingenuity and initiative. Starting with only one assistant and equipment so primitive that dough was first weighed on baby scales, Mrs. Rudkin and a tiny staff were baking 4,000 loaves a week at the end of the first year.

The product didn't appeal to everyone. During the earliest experimental period, Rudkin gave a sample loaf to an old friend and later asked him how he had liked it. The gentleman, exceedingly polite and conservative, thought silently for a moment.

"I'll tell you, Henry," he said cautiously, "the flavor is excellent and the bread has lasting power." Then, unable to restrain himself further, he added, "It would make a magnificent paving block!"

But when, in 1938, Mrs. Rudkin took samples of whole wheat and her new white bread to a large chain store, the result was somewhat different. The buyer told her, "Your whole wheat is a novel item. I'll try 24 loaves. But I won't touch the white—ours is better."

"I'll leave a few samples anyway," Mrs. Rudkin said.

On the second day she received a wire from the buyer: "Send 48 whole wheat."

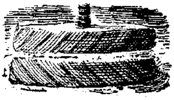
The order for the third day demanded 62 loaves of whole wheat—"and one loaf of the white for my wife!"

During the early days of Pepperidge expansion, the Rudkins were constantly plagued by a need for space. From the kitchen, the bakery was moved into a partitioned section of the garage. When that became overcrowded with equipment and the housewife helpers Mrs. Rudkin had hired in the neighborhood, an agricultural equipment shed was added to the plant.

"That wasn't enough," Rudkin says, "so we decided to take over the riding stable and hitch all three buildings together with connecting passages."

Before long, this new space became jammed, too. Mrs. Rudkin scouted nearby Norwalk and found an old hospital with flanking auto salesroom. In the hospital basement, the Rudkins found two padded cells. They looked at each other.

"What with the tremendous job of cleaning and painting and rearranging and moving we faced," Mrs. Rudkin says, "I guess we both had the same thought. Those cells might come in handy!"



The place was made immaculate. Henry Rudkin, Jr., today the 29-year-old vice-president in charge of sales, and Bill, now vice-president of production at 27, helped their parents move equipment from the farm. At the time, the boys were in their teens.

One of their jobs was to work with the crew responsible for transferring the huge ovens. Insulation had to be removed from the narrow hollow spaces between the inner and outer shells—and that's literally where the boys came in. The thick sooty stuff flew around, blackening them until they were almost unrecognizable.

They tasted insulation for weeks. Mrs. Rudkin says they still do. But, she adds, "They learned how ovens are built—by tearing them down."

The "hospital" plant is still in operation, under the supervision of genial manager Jim Morgan. Although some bread-baking goes on, the main output consists of herb-seasoned stuffing prepared from Pepperidge Bread returns.

The next step was to purchase land north of Norwalk on the Boston Post Road and erect a handsome modern structure for some $600,000. This building is the present main plant for all of Pepperidge Farm, Inc. It came into existence despite wartime shortages of essential materials and equipment; the Rudkins were compelled to build it by sheer force of will.

When they were finally ready to move in on July 4, 1947, workmen were still busy with final installations. Most troubling of all, an essential milk tank had not arrived. Mrs. Rudkin called the Chicago manufacturer and asked him to ship the tank by truck. A rush trip, please. Hurry!

The manufacturer was glad to oblige. He'd get the tank there, he promised; he'd move heaven and earth. . . .

The Rudkins waited. The manufacturer kept his word. After a murderously fast trip, a truck pulled into the delivery yard of the new plant and a weary driver climbed down. He grinned at the Rudkins.

"Made it," he said. He walked stiffly to the back of the truck and unlocked the door. Then he let out a howl of anguish. No milk tank. Just an empty truck.

A call to Chicago disclosed the unhappy fact that the tank had been left on the manufacturer's loading platform. Discovering the error, he had promptly sent another truck with the important equipment. It reached Norwalk some hours later; and Pepperidge Farm, Inc., was again in business.

Visitors to the big Norwalk plant find many aspects of it both bewildering and pleasant. There's a model grist mill in the reception room, with a tiny wheel that actually turns by water power. This miniature mill is like several real mills where whole wheat flour is ground between stones for Pepperidge.

Throughout the plant, employees are happy. Some have been around since the beginning. Mary Ference, the first mixer, has been on the job 15 years. Ten members of her family have worked for Pepperidge, and six are still at it. Mrs. Grace Metcalf started with Pepperidge 15 years ago as a mixer. Now she's general manager of the Norwalk plant. Jack Brady, who hand-sifted flour in the early days, is national sales manager.

THE PEPPERIDGE bread-making process, as demonstrated in the Norwalk plant, is simply a streamlined version of what went on in Grandma's kitchen. The stone-ground wheat or the unbleached white flour is combined with the other ingredients—milk, honey, butter, yeast and so forth—in one mixing. (This is unlike the procedure of most commercial bakers, who believe in several mixing steps.)

After the dough has gone through a first rising, it is moved in tubs to a huge kneading room where women—many of them housewives—skillfully slap and bang it by hand. In this step of the process, Pepperidge differs radically from other manufacturers whose bread is kneaded by being passed between mechanical rollers.

"But hand-kneading makes all the difference," Mrs. Rudkin says. "We can't get the proper old-fashioned texture any other way."

The dough is then placed in greaseless pans which have a silicon glaze to prevent sticking. Following a second rising, it is baked for an hour, cooled and packaged. In appearance, it's a simple process; in reality, it's a complicated affair, involving Mrs. Rudkin's special ingredients; temperature and humidity; fast shipment, and a curious admixture of modern and old-fashioned methods.

Three years ago, in another move of expansion, the Rudkins opened the plant in Downingtown, a pleasant town of 5,000. Patterned on the Norwalk operation, the plant employs housewives—preferably women without bread-manufacturing experience.

"We don't like them to have preconceptions," Mrs. Rudkin says. Few Pepperidge employees do. The manager of the Downingtown plant, for example, is a former chemical engineer.

Recently, a visitor asked Mrs. Rudkin if she had any troubling experiences while opening the Downingtown plant. Any missing milk tanks? Anything exciting?

Mrs. Rudkin, who thrives on trouble, looked embarrassed. Almost whispering, she replied, "No, it went smoothly. Not a darn thing happened!"

That nothing happened is a tribute to the remarkable teamwork of the four Rudkins and their executive associates. By way of example, Bill Rudkin—a tall young man with a normal addiction for tweed jackets—had much to do with the planning of the newest plant in Downers Grove, a big building of modern design. Like every Pepperidge plant, it will employ housewives. The manager will be a man who never thought about bread-making until he joined the Rudkins. He is Richard G. Davis, graduate of Harvard Business School and a former colonel in the Engineers.

You can expect to find some new Pepperidge products on the market in the near future. Cookies and pancake flour are possibilities. If experiments with a pancake mix turn out successfully, you can be certain the pancake will taste like the ones Grandmother used to make on the wood-burning stove. Cookies, if they are produced, will taste like old-fashioned cookies.

Pepperidge bread now reaches all 48 states, with small amounts being sent out of the country. The firm is one of the largest customers of Railway Express; shipments amount to about $750,000 annually. And hundreds of persons earn their livelihoods because of Pepperidge Farm, Inc. All of them are glad that Mrs. Rudkin made that first old-fashioned loaf, way back in 1937.

Dividing the Harvest

NO WOMAN, calling on a country neighbor during the growing season, feels entirely satisfied with the hospitality of her hostess unless she is asked before she leaves if she would like to "go out and see the garden."

Country gardens are not at all like town plots. They are usually generous-sized affairs overflowing with vast quantities and varieties of fresh vegetables, small fruits and beautiful flowers.

The pleasant little ceremony of going out to see the garden is properly begun by the hostess' arming herself with a knife and paper sacks so that she may gather some of her surplus vegetables and choicest flowers for her guest. The honeysuckle by the sagging garden gate is pushed back to allow the women's passage through, and the gate carefully closed to shut out the chickens and the farm dog. The cat strolls after them, waving tail on high, rubbing herself ingratiatingly against their skirts, while the hostess pridefully points out her earliest vegetables or where the vines hang heaviest with fruit, pausing here and there to gather a mess of this and a mess of that or clip another fragrant, colorful rose or daisy for the mildly protesting neighbor.

It is the highlight of the call, this pleasant walk through the well-kept garden, this interchange of small talk about defeats and successes with favorite flowers, this dividing of the harvest, this exchange of promises of seeds or starts of special plants that will bloom later in the fall.

The sun shines comfortably down, the mingled odors of rank-growing vegetables and warm, tilled earth fill the air, the oddly assorted bouquet wilts in the caller's hand and the vegetables grow heavy in her arms, while friendship and neighborliness are cemented—during a walk through the garden.

—GENE V. DAVIS, "Topics in Type"
Daily News, Boonville, Missouri

From *A Little Treasury of Main Street U. S. A.*, selected by John M. Henry. Copyright 1952, by John M. Henry, and published by The Vanguard Press, Inc., New York.

Society—

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH was the *enfant terrible* of Newport society in the good old days. Her greetings to guests at "Crossways" were unique. "Howdy-do, howdy-do," she would say impatiently, pushing the newly arrived guests at Mr. Fish with a look of keen annoyance. "Make yourselves at home," she would add. "And believe me, there is no one who wishes you were there more than I do."

The conclusions of her parties were also curious. A guest once had to leave early. "I promised I would be home by . . ." he began.

"Don't apologize," broke in Mrs. Fish. "No guest ever left too soon for me."

Once, bored with one of her own parties, she had the orchestra play *Home, Sweet Home* before the guests' carriages had even been called.

ONE DAY, Harry Lehr introduced Mrs. Fish to the Englishman Tony Shaw Safe, who had come to Newport as manager of a polo team and stayed on to marry a wealthy Newporter and hyphenate his name from Shaw Safe to Shaw-Safe. He was particularly insistent on being called by the full hyphenation.

"Howdy-do, Mr. Safe," Mrs. Fish blithely greeted him. "I'm so sorry to call you Mr. Safe, but I've forgotten your combination."

GEORGE H. NORMAN, family-founding forebear of Newport's distinguished Norman dynasty, always rode in a railway day coach. Once, he was reading his paper when the conductor, coming through the car, noticed a suitcase in the aisle beside him. The train was crowded and the conductor told Norman sharply that he would have to get the suitcase out of the aisle.

"No," said Norman, reading his paper, "I won't."

The conductor told Norman that a person who tripped over the suitcase might sue the railroad and it would then be Norman's fault. "I mean it," he said, "move it!"

Norman paid no attention and the conductor became exasperated. "You may be the largest stockholder of this railroad, but I'll show you who's the captain of this train. If you don't move that suitcase, I'll throw it off."

Norman still continued to read. The conductor was furious. "I'll count three," he shouted. "Then I'll throw it off the train!"

As the conductor, red and raging, counted, Norman read on.

At the third count, the conductor seized the suitcase, strode to the end of the car and hurled it out the door. Coming back, he rubbed his hands. "Well," he said, "you Newporters think you own the earth. I guess that will teach you a lesson!"

For the first time, Norman looked up. "Not me, it won't," he said. "It wasn't my suitcase."

AT THE UNITED STATES HOTEL in Saratoga Springs one day, the resort sport, Evander Berry Wall, King of the Dudes, signed in with

From *The Last Resorts*, by Cleveland Amory. Harper and Brothers, New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1948, 1952, by Cleveland Amory.

More or Less

his manservant. "Wall and Valet," he wrote.

Wall was followed by the millionaire horse breeder, "White Hat" McCarty, and a young lady friend. McCarty first looked at the Wall signature and then at his lady friend, then seized the pen. "McCarty," he wrote, "and Valise."

JAMES P. DONAHUE was a man who knew little about music. He nonetheless had a ballroom in his "Cielito Lindo" at Palm Beach which was acoustically excellent, and he once agreed, as a generous gesture, to act as host for a concert performance of a famous New York string quartet.

No one could have shown greater enthusiasm. Preceding the concert, Donahue decked not only his ballroom but also all of "Cielito Lindo" with white orchids.

An hour before the event he was personally making a last-minute inspection tour when he was informed that the musicians, who had been specially transported from New York, had already arrived and were assembling at the piano.

Rushing through the ballroom door, arms outstretched to greet the men of whom he expected so much, Donahue stopped in his tracks. "What!" he exclaimed, in a shocked voice that no member of the quartet would ever forget. "Are there only *four* of you?"

ONE DAY, Paulding Fosdick was boasting inordinately of the sterling virtues of his butler. Other Palm Beachers, inclined to doubt that such virtues existed, badgered Fosdick to such an extent that he felt obliged to prove his case.

Hearing his butler coming, he threw himself on the living-room floor, held his breath and feigned sudden death, confident that the butler, on discovering him, would provide the kind of touching scene which would prove his point once and for all.

The butler entered the room and took one look. "My God," he said, "I've lost my job!"

COMPARED TO NEWPORT or Palm Beach, Palm Springs seems artificial. It is, however, as good an example of the new in Resort Society as exists anywhere. It is also honestly artificial. The motto of the Springs might well be the favorite line of Earl Coffman, owner of the Desert Inn, the most conservative in town. "Early to bed and early to rise," says Earl, "and you meet few prominent people."

PALM SPRINGS is today's best example of the fact that while the East's social resorts are withering on the vine, the West's are blooming. For years the favorite running gag of "The Springs," as the resort is affectionately called, has been told of someone looking at some obviously underprivileged Palm Springsians and saying, "Well, *they're* certainly not millionaires." To which the answer is, "No, but they were when they got here."

If You Lived in Russia

by **Tris Coffin**

A look at a typical day in the life of the man who is the world's greatest enigma

THIS MORNING, some thousands of miles from your home, a middle-aged man rubbed his eyes, grumbled sleepily as anyone might at 5:30 A.M., and climbed out of bed.

This man is the enigma of the world—potentially America's worst enemy or best friend. He is Ivan Ivanovitch, the average Russian citizen, a skilled worker living in a city of 50,000 somewhere west of Moscow. His blind obedience to the Kremlin's orders could turn loose the most terrible war in history; or his rebellion against tyranny could free the world from fear.

Let us look at Ivan as he faces a new day and, watching him, compare his life with yours, or with that of your friend John Smith down the street. . . .

For a moment, Ivan sat groggily on the edge of his ancient brass bedstead, prize of his household, and surveyed his kingdom. He was cold (the rooms were unheated), he was hungry with the impatient hunger of one who had only half enough to eat the night before, and he was tired. His kingdom, the one room assigned to his family on the third floor of an ancient building, was like a hasty glimpse into a slum window in Manhattan.

The unpainted walls, reflecting the yellow light of a single dangling bulb, were adorned with only a large, gilt-framed photograph of Georgy Malenkov. The furniture comprised a cheap sideboard with stained cloth runner, a chest of drawers, each of them warped, and a table. Ivan's frayed trousers were tossed on a stool; his old army boots were by his bed. His 11-year-old son, Pavel, slept on a straw pallet on the floor.

Beside Ivan, the tattered blanket was thrown back where his wife, Anna, had left it half an hour before to rush to the market for food before the long queues formed. Now back in the unheated room, she stood at the table, slowly brewing tea on the pump-up, one-burner kerosene stove.

Anna saw Ivan was awake, and told him, "No eggs. I bought soy milk, potatoes and cabbage."

Ivan's mother, a shawl pulled around her shoulders, peered out the narrow window with cardboard over one pane. He called to her, "What do you see?"

"The Black Raven was across the street last night," the old lady answered excitedly. "I can tell the way the comrades stand on the street and point."

The "Black Raven" was the black van of the secret police. Ivan merely shrugged. Some had to go; such was fate.

The dreary scene before Ivan did not depress him, as it might depress John Smith, thrust into this world. After all, Ivan was better off than most. Unskilled laborers and the politically unreliable lived in tar-paper shacks.

Ivan had to arise at 5:30 to be at work on time. Latecomers were fined 25 to 50 per cent of their pay; for frequent violations, they were arrested and sent to one of the forced labor camps.

Ivan was always tired, because workers of the Stalino Tractor Works (manufacturing tanks) were expected to "volunteer" extra hours to meet the production quotas or "norms" set by Moscow. In *Pravda* and over Moscow Radio, the statement was: "The grateful workers of the Stalino Tractor Works have volunteered their leisure time to the memory of the great Stalin."

Even Ivan's hunger was not unusual: food was scarce and costs high. When one went to a cafe and found part of a roll still uneaten, one wrapped it in a handkerchief and took it home.

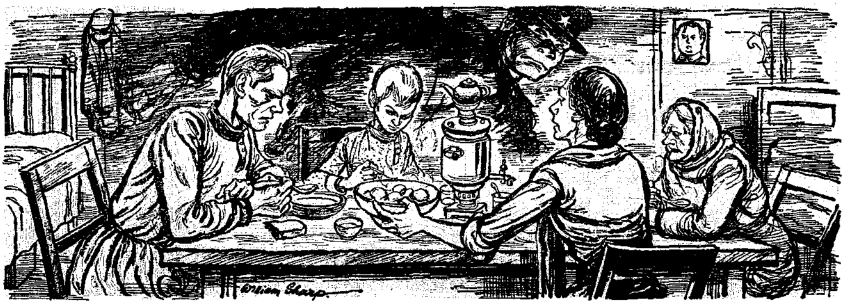
Ivan turned to look at his young son, Pavel, sleeping on the pallet. In another year, Pavel would be drafted for labor service and go to live in a barracks. There would be no escape, no matter what his talents or dreams. The Labor Office would decide that 25,000 carpenters were needed to build munitions plants in Soviet Asia, and the next 25,000 boys who were coming of age would be dispatched, thereupon, to carpentry school.

From then on, Pavel would never be other than Pavel Ivanovitch, carpenter or soldier. He could not leave this life, even for a week, to go fishing or look for a new job. His every moment would belong to the State.

Ivan sighed. The sound stirred the old lady by the window. Life was often too much for the grandmother, and she retreated into her sanctuary of prayer. But she could never whisper in the comfort of a church, for although one church was permitted to remain open in town, only the foolhardy would dare be seen in it.

Now Ivan put his feet into his boots, poured tea into the jar he used for a cup, and took black bread and a cold potato from the sideboard. He ate them and then clumped down the dark, sour-smelling corridor to the communal washroom. He waited in line to slosh water on his face and scrape at his beard with a straight razor. Then he cleaned his teeth with a finger dipped in salt.

After these preparations, he put on his mackinaw, a worn jacket with cotton padding, and tramped downstairs to the street. A line stood



shivering in the cold air before the news kiosk, and a legless war veteran in torn uniform held out his hands, begging.

Ivan trotted up the cobblestones to the trolley line nearly a mile away, his eyes smarting from the sharp wind. The street was filled with hurrying men and women. None paused to talk.

Finally there was the clang of the tramcar, an ancient wooden affair that resembled a cartoon trolley. Although a sign read, "In this car are 26 seats and 26 standing room," nearly twice that number had forced themselves aboard before the car reached Ivan. People hung on all sides; two brave souls even crouched on the bumper.

The trolley did not even slow as it neared the corner. The crowd rushed out as though to halt it physically. A few were able to fling themselves on the sides and hang precariously. Others shook their fists at the departing vehicle. Ivan caught the next car.

As the trolley joggled along, he saw unskilled workers digging foundations and working on the streets. Most were women, dressed in nondescript coveralls, bandanas about their heads to protect them from the cold. Some of the men had wrapped newspapers, puttee fashion, about their legs.

On the outskirts of town, the cobblestones gave way to dirt roads, mottled with ice-glazed rain puddles. The old houses gave way to modern tenements already showing damp, cracked walls, and to rows of factories.

Before each stop, Ivan felt a tap on his shoulder, and he moved aside to let a passenger get in line for disembarking. After an hour, he reached the Tractor Works. A guard checked his work certificate at the gate. Another gave him his number, which he pinned on his shirt. Twenty minutes after starting time, the guard would collect all numbers not called for and turn them over to police for investigation.

Inside the factory, the hand tools were crudely fashioned. Machines, lathes and presses were not much better. There were no lighted locker rooms, only a small, dirty washroom with a sign, "Clean Our Lazy People from the Toilets!" There was no cafeteria, only a small, poorly stocked canteen.

Ivan hung up his coat and went to work. A voice announced over the loudspeaker: "Comrades of the Stalino Tractor Works, we have fallen ingloriously below our production quota for the month!"

Ivan shrugged eloquently. He knew what was coming.

". . . As our deep-hearted thanks to the greatest friend of the working man, Malenkov, we will contribute our services for ten nights, beginning next week, to meet—and surpass—the norm."

They never leave us alone, Ivan thought. But he said nothing. The man at the next lathe was a Young Communist League officer. Ivan knew that informers often were ambitious Communist apprentices, trying to make the grade. Full membership in the Party meant better wages, food, medical attention and housing, as well as vacations—all beyond Ivan's reach.

The whistle blew at noon, and Ivan ate his lunch of cucumbers and salt pork on black bread. Then he carefully extracted a cigarette from his pocket and broke it in two. From another pocket he brought out a cheap wooden holder and lit up. Ivan bought his cigarettes two at a time, but never allowed himself the luxury of an entire cigarette. He would enjoy the remaining half after dinner that night.

When the whistle blew at 5, Ivan was too tired to run for the trolley. He plodded along, muttering as he saw the plant manager, a Communist bureaucrat, drive by in his Pobeda, a four-cylinder car that was far beyond the dreams of an Ivan. However, the manager in turn was envious of the higher bureaucrats who whizzed by in their sleek seven-passenger Zises, driven by smartly uniformed chauffeurs, bound for conferences in Moscow or for a weekend at their "dachos" (country homes).

For three years Ivan had not been outside the city. To leave with Anna, even for a brief trip to Moscow, involved filling out innumerable forms and obtaining police passes. Were one to manage all this successfully, it was practically impossible to find space on the wooden shelves which passed for bunks in the rickety third-class trains.

First-class accommodations existed. Ivan had seen such trains at the station. They had carpeted, luxurious cars with every convenience. But these, too, were for party members and government officials.

As Ivan continued to walk, he passed a government store. The queue wound around two blocks, with an armed policeman on hand. Ivan looked into the window. Always the same! Black bread, herring, cabbage, vodka, cigarettes and ersatz coffee.

Two streets away, Ivan knew, there was an unrationed "Gastronom" grocery, which boasted fruit and vegetables, good coffee, white bread, even chocolate bars. But the prices! Only the bureaucracy could afford them.

WHEN IVAN finally reached home, Anna had begun dinner. With only one burner, a dinner of potato soup, macaroni and cabbage would take two hours. Ivan threw himself on the bed for an hour of reading—a battered edition of "O.K.", a Soviet propaganda book about the American Depression.

Ivan was fascinated by what he read. Those strange Americans! Why, even the Bonus Marchers had cars! And so did the unemployed "Okies" who roamed like gypsies.

After the Ivanovitch family finished dinner at 8:30, they prepared for a treat—an evening at the cinema three blocks away. Last night they had all toiled at their weekly laundry in the communal washroom, scrubbing clothing on a board with harsh soap. Tonight, however, they would relax.

Promptly at 9 o'clock, Ivan, his wife and Pavel filed into the boxlike theater. Anna had dressed for the occasion: a shawl, a shirtwaist, thick sweater and black cotton skirt, rope shoes, and stockings of sleazy, imitation nylon.

Two boys with spray guns hurried up and down the aisles, pumping perfumed disinfectant into the air. It was as though the theater had been doused in cologne, but Ivan knew this was necessary, because there were no windows, no ventilation.

The program was a double feature—a Soviet film, and an importation from the U.S. The first film was a rousing extravaganza of medieval Russia, full of vast battles in which the Russian forces outfought the enemy. As far back as he could remember, Ivan had seen these elaborate costume pieces. He dozed off from time to time.

He was all attention, however, when the American film came on. It was a silent picture, *circa* 1925, with Russian captions, in which handsome men in tails and high hats drank champagne from the slippers of beautiful blondes. Each nightclub glittered more than the other, and even children ordered servants about with the arrogance of a Fascist.

Anna could only shake her head. Such profusion of food! Ivan, the pages of "O.K." still fresh in mind, felt a mixture of emotions: envy, bitterness, a momentary sense of pride in his own hardships, and above all, the conviction that America was just as it had been painted—an exploiter of the poor, a decadent, materialistic culture, a nation destined for extinction.

WHAT YOU HAVE JUST READ is an accurate description of a typical Russian working man in the Soviet Union today. To an American, it may seem hard to believe. But it is true, for in that strange land where Ivan lives, he is shut off from all about him, imprisoned in a vacuum.

This is tragic, not only for Ivan Ivanovitch, but for free men everywhere. Above all, it reveals the impossibility of our thinking about the Russians in American terms, since reality for them is not our reality.

Theirs is a world of make-believe, monstrous and menacing; and Ivan lives in it, a man without hope and faith, unwitting victim of the most evil conspiracy in history.

Peaches and Cream

THIS IS THE TIME of year when the countryman who has a few fruit trees of his own can enjoy that most delectable of summer desserts, peaches and cream. It is best, of course, when the fruit has been allowed to ripen on the tree. Down Alabama way the Golden Jubilee variety is preferred.

The careful countryman likes to pick his fruit in the late evening when the first dew has just fallen upon them.

After being placed in the refrigerator overnight, four or five are carefully peeled in the morning, sliced orangewise and heaped in a large cereal dish. A generous helping of sugar is allowed to percolate very slowly through the pieces and then the well chilled cream is added, gradually, to give it an opportunity to blend with the sugar and the peach juice as it seeks the bottom.

Now "ask the blessing" and, brother, you have before you a dish that ambrosia could not surpass. —*Wall Street Journal*

Book Feature

Borrow Money—and Save!

From the new book, "Managing Your Money"

by J. K. LASSER and SYLVIA F. PORTER

IF YOU WANTED FURNITURE for your house, you would not just buy it in the first store you passed. You would look around and decide where you could get the articles you liked best at the most favorable price. If you wanted a new car you would not walk into the showroom of the nearest dealer and blindly buy his make of car. You would think it over first, deciding not only what car you would like to own, but also finding out where you could get it on the best terms.

Certainly, you should be just as careful when you want to borrow money. Because you may desperately need money at some moment for a sudden emergency or an unanticipated expense, you may not feel you have time to ask what costs are involved in obtaining it. But when the pressure eases, and the problem of repayment becomes a burden, you will begin to worry and regret.

Each year, American consumers borrow billions to meet emergency expenditures or to pay for necessary or desired articles. Every year, they pay millions in interest on these loans.

Yet, a shockingly large percentage of these consumer-borrowers are not getting their money's worth. *They don't know how to shop for credit!*

This article outlines the advantages and disadvantages of each type of loan available—in short, it tells you how to get the best "buy" in the money markets.

Avoid Loan Sharks

It is impossible to cover here all the devious practices of the sharks, for sadly enough, these men who prosper on human misery are continually inventing new devices. Beware the lender or broker or go-between who:

Does not display his state license prominently.

Dates a loan prior to the time you get the money.

Gets papers signed before the figures are filled in.

Requires more than one note for one loan.

Refuses to give a copy of the signed papers or receipts for payments.

Requires you to buy expensive insurance.

From *Managing Your Money*, by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter. Henry Holt and Company, New York, Publishers. Copyright 1953, by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter.

Charges higher fees than the state authorizes.

You should get legal advice immediately if, when you attempt to repay part of a debt, the lender says you must repay the entire principal or none. You should appeal to local or state legal authorities at once if, when you admit to the lender that repayment is difficult, he sends you to someone else who seeks another fee in addition to the interest owed.

Deal only with licensed lending agents. You should check to see if your lender is under supervision of state or federal laws, or both. Small lending companies and credit unions generally are regulated in the interest of the borrower. This does not mean that loan laws all over the country are uniformly good; in some states, they are not. All licensed agents, however, are under some regulation, and that is some safeguard.

A reliable lender will ask specific questions about your financial standing, obligations, employment record, past credit record, and your plans for arranging your budget to include regular loan payments. While the reputable lender is seeking satisfactory answers to these questions for his own protection, his request for information also protects you, for he can help arrange the borrower's affairs so that repayment is possible with a minimum of difficulty.

What to Ask the Lenders

Anxiety befuddles judgment. Borrowers too frightened or too crushed to protest may pay in interest six times the amount of an original loan—and still owe *more than the sum borrowed initially.* An honest lender will be glad to answer questions. Before signing any papers, you should know about the following:

How many dollars will be placed in your hands after you have arranged for the loan? Exactly how much are you to repay on the specified date every week or month? Is the interest being discounted (deducted in advance from the loan)? Or is it being added every time you make a payment? Or is it figured each month on the unpaid balance?

Is there an investigation fee, and if so, how much? An insurance fee, and if so, how much? A delinquency fee for late payments, and if so, how much? What is the true interest rate being charged for the loan? Are you signing a chattel mortgage loan on your furniture? If so, what will happen if you are forced to default on a payment? Will you get a rebate on the interest you have paid in advance if you retire your loan before the final due date?

Commercial Bank Loans

Thousands of banks operate personal-loan departments for the specific purpose of making small loans to millions of wage earners. The rates vary according to locality, since often they are affected by a specific state or usury law. The rate can run from six to 18 per cent. Many banks deduct the interest from the principal at the start. That is, on a $100 loan at eight per cent, the borrower gets only $92. He pays back the $100 in equal installments.

In general, if a loan is paid off

in advance of due date, banks will recompute the interest on the basis of the actual duration of the loan and adjust the cost. In addition, many banks add to the interest rate a small charge for an insurance policy on the life of the borrower. If the borrower dies before the loan is paid, the insurance pays the balance and the family is relieved of the obligation.

The loans fall into two groups. There are secured loans backed by such collateral as Government bonds, savings-account passbooks, insurance policies, furniture or automobiles. Because the bank's risk is limited by the collateral offered, the interest rate is usually lower than on unsecured loans.

The unsecured, or signature, loans are available to borrowers who can meet the bank's requirements for character and ability to meet payments.

Small-Loan Companies

Over the years, the major small-loan firms have filled an important place in our financial structure. In helping to solve the emergency problems of countless families, they have performed a most valuable service.

Licensed small-loan companies do business under state laws in some 30 states. While interest rates under the usury laws range from six to 12 per cent a year, no one can make small loans on these terms and prosper. Consequently, most laws allow licensed companies to make smaller loans at higher rates. The costs fluctuate from state to state, but the average runs about 2½ per cent *a month* on the unpaid balance.

Most states also allow "break" rates. That means you may be charged three per cent on the unpaid balance of the first $100 of a loan, two per cent on the unpaid balance over $100. Because the interest is figured on the unpaid balance, the cost for $100 over a year would not be $36 (three per cent for 12 months), but $19.50, a more tolerable figure.

How much can these companies lend? That depends on the state law. Generally, the maximum is $300, and there is no minimum. In a number of states, the top has been raised to $500 or $1,000.

As for security, the usual requirement is nothing more than a promise to pay—the borrower's signature. At times, companies also ask additional security in a chattel mortgage on household furniture—to make sure the borrower will honor his debt.

The time limit runs to 20 months in the majority of states. But of course you may repay the loan in advance if you are able to do so.

Industrial Bank Loans

Some industrial banks operate small-loan departments just as commercial banks do, except for differences in the amounts loaned and in the rates charged. Quite a number of states have "industrial-loan laws." Although these laws have various names, their general characteristic is that they permit the lending of larger sums than the small-loan laws, and provide for a degree of regulation.

The costs vary according to locality and risk, with rates through the country ranging from 12 to 14 per cent. Usually, when the loan runs from $100 to $700, the charge is six per cent discounted in advance, plus a $2 service charge for each $100 borrowed, which works out to about 15.7 per cent a year. When the loan is under $100, the charge is fixed according to what the bank determines as the risk involved.

An industrial bank ordinarily will lend larger amounts than the personal-loan department of a commercial bank.

Industrial banks make two kinds of loans. The first is the familiar signature loan; second is the collateral loan, for which you offer security. The charge against top-rate collateral will be about six per cent, because of the advance discount feature.

Savings and Loan Associations

Savings and loan associations and building and loan associations are thrift and mortgage-lending institutions operating under special federal and state laws. Their specific purpose is to promote and facilitate home-ownership. They also make FHA-insured repair and modernization loans.

In most states, they restrict themselves to mortgage loans, although they also lend against their own shares held by members. Individuals either buy shares in these institutions and become members—or automatically become members when borrowing from them.

Some make personal loans, at rates from five to 12 per cent. Many make only first-mortgage loans, at 3½ to six per cent. On personal loans, some lend up to 90 per cent of the value of the shares one owns.

Insurance Loans

Since more than 80,000,000 Americans own life-insurance policies, insurance is a prime resource of virtually every family.

After two or three years, the premiums paid on a regular life (not term) policy become an asset. The cash-surrender value of a policy can be used as security for a bank or finance-company loan at a favorable rate. Or the insurance company will lend you the cash-surrender value for a fee.

The companies often charge higher rates than do commercial banks, a fact which has aroused criticism. The companies defend the charges by explaining that they guarantee their policyholders' interest (2½ to 3½ per cent) through their premium rate. They must meet this guarantee, even when policyholders make loans.

If they did not charge interest, policy loans could endanger the solvency of the policy fund. These facts, plus the cost of handling, explain why insurance companies charge between five and six per cent.

The total you can borrow is determined by the policy's cash value. Each year this value increases.

Credit-Union Loans

A credit union may be the ideal answer to your borrowing problem, if you have access to one and the union is efficiently managed. Few, if any, regular lending agencies have the credit union's advantages of low operating costs, tax exemption, and often free office space and clerical help. The charge may be as low as one per cent a month.

Credit unions usually are formed by members of a closely knit group—such as employees of a firm or members of a labor union, club or lodge. The unions operate under federal and state laws. In most instances, these restrict the interest on loans to one per cent a month on the actual unpaid balance. Most unions lend $50 or less without asking the borrower for any security other than the pledge of his investment in the union.

Veterans' Loans

A World War II or Korean veteran can get a loan if he was discharged under conditions other than dishonorable after at least 90 days' active service, or discharged for service-incurred disability even if he served less than 90.

Three types of loans are available: (1) to purchase, construct or improve a home; (2) to buy a farm, farm land, stock, feed and seed, farm machinery, and other supplies and equipment; and (3) to buy a business or to enable a veteran to undertake or expand a legitimate venture. Some loans may be obtained to liquidate delinquent indebtedness incurred in connection with these three categories.

How are these loans made? The veteran makes his own arrangements through usual financing channels. The Government then guarantees the lender against loss on the loan this way: up to 60 per cent of the real-estate loan of $7,500, and 50 per cent on other loans, with a maximum guarantee of $2,000. If you borrow $4,000, the Government gives the lender a guarantee of $2,000. Full use of one guarantee denies use of the other.

Farm realty loans may be made repayable up to 40 years; other realty loans up to 30 years; and non-realty loans up to ten years. The interest rate normally may not exceed four per cent a year on the unpaid balance.

Here are questions often asked by veterans:

Q. *What happens if the loan payments are not made?*

A. The lender can recover the property mortgaged and take other action provided in the loan agreement and the state laws.

Q. *Are there charges for obtaining a guaranteed loan?*

A. Commission, brokerage fee or other fees cannot legally be charged to the veteran. Those charges usually paid by a borrower, such as appraisal, title search or recording fees, may be charged.

Q. *May a lender require from a veteran security in addition to the property being purchased?*

A. Yes. This is a matter between the veteran and the lender. But the Government does not require that additional security be taken.

Q. *May widows or children of deceased veterans obtain guaranty of a loan?*

A. No. The privilege is limited to veterans. A guaranty on a loan may continue, however, after a veteran's death.

Q. *Are veterans of World War I eligible?*

J. K. Lasser has won fame as the author of the annually published taxpayers' guide, "Your Income Tax." Sylvia F. Porter's syndicated column on economics and finance appears daily in some fifty newspapers.

A. No. Benefits are for World War II and Korean veterans only.

Q. *Must a veteran put any of his own money into a business, a home, or a farm in order to get the guaranty?*

A. This is not a requirement; it is settled between veteran and lender.

Q. *How do you find a lender?*

A. By inquiring in your community about lenders who make the type of loan you want. Information as to who makes farm loans may usually be obtained from the county farm agent.

Q. *What is the largest amount a veteran can borrow?*

A. The size of the loan depends on what the lender is willing to lend with the amount of guaranty that can be issued upon the loan.

Q. *Can a loan to buy an automobile for pleasure purposes or the purchase of household furniture be guaranteed?*

A. No.

Pledged Loans

Finally, we come to the last source of credit: pledged loans. These may be divided into two types—pawnshop pledges and remedial loans.

Pawnbroker interest rates are high—ranging from 24 to 120 per cent a year! Ordinarily, they will lend only from 60 to 90 per cent of the auction value of the asset pledged and, to get the loan, you must turn over your asset to the pawnbroker for the life of the credit. Therefore:

1. Before you approach a pawnbroker, make certain you cannot get the money from another lending source at a lower cost;

2. If you do go to a pawnbroker, be sure enough time is provided during which you may redeem your pledge and get back your possession.

In pledging an asset against a loan, a remedial-loan society is to be preferred to an ordinary pawnbroker. Some of these organizations charge an over-all rate of one per cent a month on the unpaid balance of a loan—which compares favorably with other loan charges. But the fact that your asset must be pledged is, again, a drawback.

Getting the Best Deal

A financing concern cannot be blamed for advertising "Loans at Low Rates!" and letting it go at that. The company is in the business of lending; it wants to display its wares in the most attractive light. But you need not accept that statement at face value. Your job is to discover the real cost.

Similarly, a lender cannot be blamed for offering a maximum amount of cash to an excellent credit risk who will be a fine source of income while he is in debt. The blame is yours if, at this critical moment in your life, you fail to *tailor your borrowing to your needs.*

When you borrow, you should try to get the best deal for "you." So, how can you cut your costs?

Offer the best security. The aim is to borrow as cheaply as possible so that the cost of solving your financial problems won't create a new financial problem. A loan secured by topnotch collateral ordinarily may be obtained at a cheaper rate than a loan backed only by your signature. You lose nothing—if you get back full possession of your asset when you pay off your debt.

Borrow the smallest amount that will

cover your needs properly. Borrowing extra amounts is not only costly, it is also a temptation to persist in living beyond your income.

Talk with your employer about the debt. Larger companies handle this through their personnel department; smaller companies may do it through direct loans. In many cases, where outside consolidation of debt is not possible because of the personal financial factor, the employer may help by sending his endorsement to a friendly bank.

Get endorsers if possible. People who will sign your note can be members of your family or friends. Or they might be induced to put up good collateral for your loan.

The True Interest Rate

How can you know the true interest rate paid—the true price of credit? To discover this, consider how much money you get and how long you will use the money.

If you borrow $100 at six per cent, keep the $100 for a year, then repay the loan plus $6 interest, you are paying straight six per cent. But if you borrow $100 at six per cent, keep the $100 only six months, then repay the total plus $6, the true rate is 12 per cent. It isn't just a question of the stated rate; it is a question of whether the rate is charged per week, month or year.

If the charge is deducted in advance, the rate also may be higher than it appears. If you sign a note for a $100 loan, to repay it in ten months in monthly installments of $10 each, and the lender deducts $6 in advance, you get only $94—but repay $100. Thus, the true rate is 1.14 per cent a month.

Hence, you *must* ask questions on rates when borrowing—and then do some careful figuring. It will save you money.

Benefits of Borrowing

Regardless of whether you are trying to pay off debts without further borrowing, or whether you are borrowing to cover expenses, you are being forced to set aside a certain total every payday to solve your problem. If you can put aside these dollars for 6, 12 or 24 months, you can put them aside for a longer period. In other words, if you can discipline yourself to meet this emergency, you will be able to handle the next one.

Whatever method you use to handle your debts, the financial discipline may benefit you. The world attaches no stigma to the family that goes into debt once in a while. But the world does have more contempt than pity for the individual who is in debt at too frequent intervals, who persists in living beyond his income, who refuses to recognize that emergencies *do* arise and must be anticipated.

If he continues in this way, he never will know the sense of deep satisfaction and achievement that comes to one who knows how to—and does—live within his income.

Dutiful Daughters

In the modern family, the daughters don't live at home until after they are married. —HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

The Facts About "Birth-Control" Pills

by **SELWYN JAMES**

NOT SO LONG AGO, in a private clinic on Boston's Commonwealth Avenue, Dr. Benjamin Sieve, a former Tufts Medical School professor, announced that he had tested a simple, harmless and successful pill to control human fertility.

The "birth-control" pills looked rather like oversize aspirin tablets. They contained a chemical called phosphorylated hesperidin, a synthetic product made from a substance found in the rind of citrus fruits. Hitherto, the chemical had been used to counteract internal bleeding.

Dr. Sieve, a 50-year-old specialist heading his own fertility clinic, reported that he had prevented conception in 298 of the 300 married couples who had been taking his little white pills over periods up to 30 months. All the couples had pledged themselves to abandon all other contraceptive methods during the experiments.

Too, the women had previously given birth to at least one child, so that their childbearing ability had been fairly established. The two couples for whom the test was not successful admitted they had failed to take the pills regularly, according to Dr. Sieve.

The Sieve study, published in *Science*, official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was given wide coverage in U.S. newspapers, as well as in many abroad. Coincidentally, it came on the heels of a prediction by James Bryant Conant, then President of Harvard University, that by 1961, science would announce "birth control by pill."

Ten months have passed since Dr. Sieve issued his report. What are the facts about his "birth-control" pills, generally? Here are answers to those questions which are most commonly asked:

1. *What is the theory behind the use of phosphorylated hesperidin as a birth-control factor?*

Pregnancy occurs when a sperm—the microscopic tadpole-shaped organism of reproduction in the male semen—swims up through the womb and penetrates the female egg or ovum. Only a single sperm in the millions contained in the semen of a normal male need pierce the ovum to cause the miracle of conception. Contained in the sperm in its journey through the womb is a substance called hyaluronidase, which is believed to disperse the cells which form the outer covering of the egg, and thus make for easy penetration.

Dr. Sieve believes that his pills are an antagonist of this substance. The chemical, he says, reduces the substance in the sperm and, in addition, fortifies the surface cells of the female egg with a sort of "tissue cement." This provides a barrier against sperm.

2. *Who were the "guinea pigs" in Dr. Sieve's experiments?*

Three hundred married couples, ages 17 to 58, living in and around Boston. They represented both high and low income groups. Many of them were patients of Dr. Sieve. Parents already, they were willing and able to produce and care for another child if the pills failed to prevent conception. Both husband and wife took the pills at mealtimes —four a day for the wives, three a day for the husbands.

3. *How certain could Dr. Sieve be that some of his couples did not use other contraceptive devices as a precaution against failure of the pills?*

He could not be certain. Some of his subjects did occasionally forget to take the pills, but never more than twice during any 24-hour period. The two failures among the couples admitted giving up the pills for 40 days in one case, a week in the other. If any of the other couples surreptitiously practiced other methods of birth control, Dr. Sieve was unable to learn of it.

4. *Is Dr. Sieve the only researcher to use hesperidin as an anti-fertility agent?*

No, but he is the only one so far to use it on human beings. Drs. Gustav J. Martin and J M. Beiler of the National Drug Company's research department introduced hesperidin into the diet of laboratory rats with fair success. They reported that only 11 per cent of the females became pregnant.

5. *Were Dr. Sieve's experiments conducted with scientific objectivity?*

Yes, but seldom are the findings of a lone researcher accepted as immediately valid. His work must be confirmed in further experiments by research scientists working in reputable medical institutions. As for Dr. Sieve, both his findings and his basic theory are regarded with extreme caution by the medical profession. A doubtful view of Dr. Sieve's study was voiced recently by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, a former Mayo Clinic staff member, writing in *Modern Medicine:*

"A number of disturbing questions arise. The theory on which the use of hesperidin is based is none too secure . . . Actually the experienced physician always worries when an experiment based on a hunch comes out 100 per cent as he expected it would. About that time, he defers publication and does the work over again."

A more affirmative opinion, shared by other leading doctors, is that despite the possible weakness of the theory on the use of hesperidin, the results of Dr. Sieve's study will be confirmed "eventually."

6. *Does hesperidin control fertility or permanently destroy it? Can fertility be restored at will?*

These were questions earnestly put to Dr. Sieve by the 300 couples before agreeing to participate in his experiments. He explained that nothing in the earlier tests on laboratory rats had led researchers to suspect that hesperidin would result in irreversible sterility.

During the course of the study, 220 of the Sieve couples stopped taking the pills for the purpose of having wanted children. Pregnancies followed in every case, most of them within five to eight weeks, a handful directly following the first menstrual period after discontinuing the pills. There were three miscarriages, the rest of the women giving birth to normal, healthy babies. Five births were premature, and five infants were delivered by Caesarian section. After arrival of the babies, 123 couples went back to the "birth-control pills," and at the time of the Sieve report, had avoided conception in the succeeding two to 14 months.

The experience of two couples led Dr. Sieve to wonder if hesperidin, besides its claimed power to suppress fertility, did not also *aid* conception. The two couples, each the parents of an only child, had tried vainly to achieve conception a second time for many months before joining the Sieve project. They had been declared normally fertile by competent urologists and obstetricians whom they had consulted. Little more than a month after withdrawing from the project, the wives became pregnant. Dr. Sieve plans further investigation of this phenomenon.

7. *Do the pills produce any unpleasant side effects, or cause harm to the organs of the body?*

Dr. Sieve reports that a careful watch was kept on the 300 couples for toxic symptoms, with regular checks made on heart action, blood changes, basal metabolism and the nervous system. No changes were detected, he says, and there were no complaints from the patients. The non-toxic character of the pills was substantiated to Dr. Sieve's satisfaction when 15 couples were fed 25 times as many pills as were necessary for effective contraception. No allergic or toxic reactions developed in any of them.

8. *What are the psychological effects of the hesperidin pills? Do they impair sexual potency, or suppress desire?*

Dr. Sieve indicates that the sexual activity of the couples who had formerly used other contraceptive methods actually increased on the oral therapy. As he explains it: "Mechanical methods had produced a state of anxiety causing varying degrees of frigidity. . . . Interestingly enough, it was discovered that the frequency pattern now practiced by these couples corresponded essentially to the frequency pattern practiced in the early months of marriage."

9. *Are medical men working on any other oral birth-control materials?*

Yes. Dr. Paul Henshaw, of New York City, disclosed in a recent issue of *Science* that a variety of substances—chemicals, drugs, herbs, hormones—are being studied for their possible anti-fertility qualities.

The experiments, mostly on animals, are leading to an understanding of methods and procedures for dealing with problems of reproduction involving fertility control. Few of the fertility control substances have been tested on human beings and even in such instances the results have not yet reached a stage warranting public announcements.

A British medical team at London University, headed by physiologist Prof. John Yudkin, recently announced success in suppressing ovulation in two London housewives with the extract of an herb named *Lithospermum officinale.* Commonly known as gromwell, it is a cousin of the forget-me-not.

The liquid tastes like sherry, Professor Yudkin says, and renders a woman sterile for several days without affecting either her child-bearing capacity or her general health. Husbands are not required to take it, although formation of sperm is suspended when it is taken by them. Presently, the British doctors are experimenting with a larger test group.

10. *Can the Sieve pills or Yudkin extract be described as an easy or convenient method of limiting fertility?*

Even if Dr. Sieve's findings are validated, hesperidin currently involves a troublesome pill-taking schedule. The pills must be taken for a full ten days before the claimed action becomes effective. Then the stringent three-or-four-a-day routine must be continued.

In the case of Professor Yudkin's "anti-fertility cocktail," he states that a single dose provides a safety margin of "several days," and is taken by wives only. In Britain, gromwell for the Yudkin experiments is being specially cultivated in Cambridge University's famous Botanical Gardens.

11. *Have "birth-control" pills gone beyond the experimental stage?*

Dr. Sieve himself has emphasized that "much more clinical data must be accumulated before the general use of this anti-fertility factor can be warranted." Apart from the strictly technical obstacles to producing an "ideal" pill, there is also the problem of finding proper auspices under which further exhaustive experiments on humans can be carried out. The discoveries of a single scientist or even a medical team must be duplicated by other specialists who have the backing of recognized medical schools, hospitals or foundations. Moreover, thousands of married couples—not merely hundreds—must be persuaded to volunteer for duty as guinea pigs.

Mass tests with hesperidin and other materials are scheduled to get under way within the next year or so, under the auspices of renowned medical institutions. The consensus of scientists is that a medically approved pill, powder or liquid may be available in five to fifteen years.

12. *What is the attitude of the churches toward the development of oral birth-control methods?*

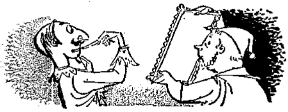
The Roman Catholic position was stated by the Rev. Francis J. Connell, Dean of the School of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America. He declared that "any use of such pills with the direct intent of preventing conception would be a violation of the divine law as it affects birth, according to Catholic interpretation of God's law."

A Protestant viewpoint was offered by Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D. C.: "It is in accord with the moral law to plan properly for the coming of children. Dr. Sieve's discovery may enable mothers to space their children with due regard for health, education and service to society. The discovery is to be commended, not condemned."

The Orthodox Jewish attitude was clarified by Rabbi Walter S. Wurzburger, former president of the Orthodox Rabbinical Council of Greater Boston, who said that Jewish law permits the use of contraceptives only where "pregnancy would endanger the health of the mother." The Reformed Jewish point of view closely approximates the more liberal position of most of the Protestant denominations.

13. *How will the average married couple take to oral birth control?*

Once established as safe and effective, such a pill or liquid would provoke a public storm over its religious implications—and, despite assurances, a lot of speculation as to its safety. But to sum up scientific opinion, it seems certain that orally administered fertility control, whether achieved by hesperidin pills or some other substance, is destined to become a positive fact in the medical science of our times.



Deflation—Top Level

PLAYBOY ALFONSO XIII, the last king of Spain, got a kick out of traveling around the country incognito. Once, when he was visiting a remote town, he once more decided to register at the local hotel under an assumed name.

The following morning, in need of a shave, he asked the proprietor to bring him a mirror. The latter watched the king for a few moments, then said:

"You don't look like one of our usual guests. You dress and act differently. I was wondering, could it be that you belong to the royal court in Madrid?"

"You are very observant," said Alfonso. "Yes, I do."

"I knew it!" cried the proprietor in delight. "Perhaps you work for his majesty himself?"

"Correct again," said the king.

"Well! And what do you do for him?"

"Oh, a number of things," replied Alfonso with a broad smile. "Right now, I'm shaving him." —E. E. EDGAR

WHILE AT THE HOME of a patron of the arts, Abraham Lincoln was asked to view a recently acquired painting. After gazing at the canvas without comment, Lincoln asked that more lights be focused on it. Then he stated firmly, "The artist was undoubtedly a religious man."

"About that I don't know," the puzzled host replied. "But why do you say so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Well," drawled Abe, "obviously he has observed the Commandments, for he hath not made unto himself the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth!" —MARY ALKUS

Betty Hutton's Album

She is neither Hollywood's most typical actress nor its most talented—only its most versatile and determined. Her first real expedition into show business—a Michigan-New York foray financed by $12 and a box lunch—ended in dismal failure when money and lunch ran out. But Betty Hutton, aged 14, was far from discouraged. She knew she'd make it some day. This is the story of how she did.

She was born near the railroad tracks and had to choose between "the only two ways to lick poverty—education and talent." At 12, she was earning dimes for her fatherless home with street serenades.

Ambition goaded her and, perhaps, envy. At 13, she dressed as though she were 20, striving to outshine older sister Marion. At 16, bandleader Vincent Lopez heard her sing and promptly signed her up.

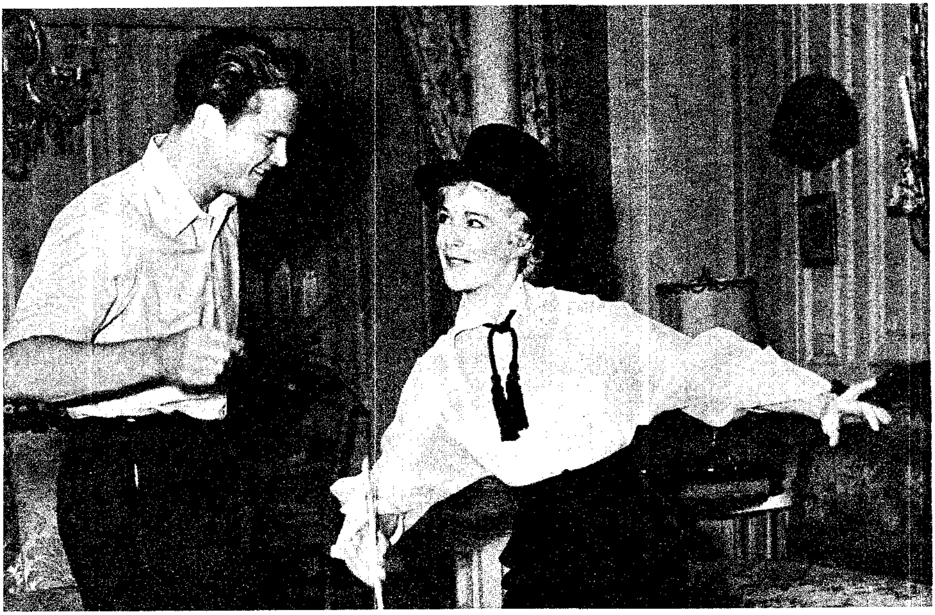
She was, unfortunately, not a star. Warned that Lopez was about to fire her, she frantically threw her whole self into song. Belying angelic publicity shots, frenzy, born of anger and panic, became her style.

"She sings like somebody gave her a hotfoot all over," said someone when she went to Hollywood. But assessing her performance in a non-singing part, one critic wrote: "The Blonde Bombshell can act, too!"

She acted each part with a violence suggesting that she feared someone might take it away from her. In a town where even grandmothers look sexy, she did, too, but always with a sort of "Who, me?" wonder.

To GIs of World War II, she was as familiar as V-mail. She reached Saipan before the enemy left, asking, in the voice from home, "What'll I sing, fellas?" And she sang until her voice faded to a whisper.

She heard about *The Greatest Show on Earth* and wired Producer DeMille: "A circus picture without Hutton is impossible." She learned trapeze art—and the picture won an Academy Award.



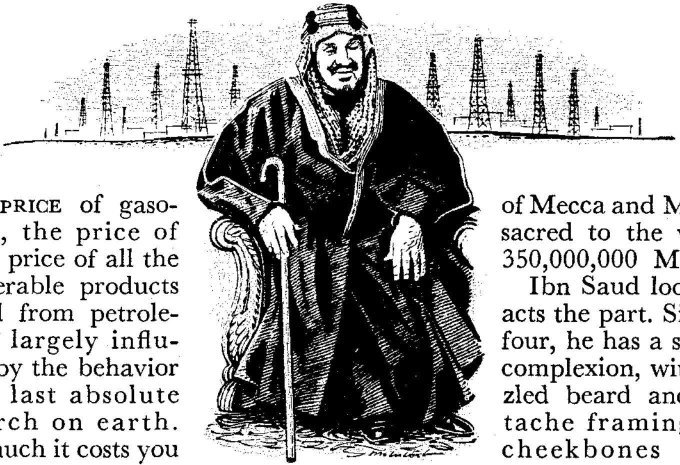
In one film, she was Texas Guinan; in another, Blossom Seeley; in both—and always—she was Hutton, and that's what the people paid to see. Said one director: "She'd draw crowds in the Sahara Desert!"

In New York's Palace Theater, she alternated between sent
sensation, climaxed 50 tumultuous minutes with a trapez
“murdered the people” by taking a curtain call with her

Husband Charlie O'Curran, critic, director and unfailing port-in-a-storm, has tempered her ambition to outdo herself every day. But to Betty Hutton, there is still only one tolerable direction, and that's up.

Ibn Saud: King of Oil

by JOEL CARMICHAEL



THE PRICE of gasoline, the price of oil, the price of all the innumerable products derived from petroleum, is largely influenced by the behavior of the last absolute monarch on earth. How much it costs you to keep warm in winter with an oil burner may depend on an extraordinary old man who lives 7,000 miles away, and whose life has been cast in the mold of such fabled rulers of long ago as Genghis Khan, Attila the Hun and Alexander the Great.

This man is Abd al-Aziz ibn Abd al-Raham Al al-Faysal Al al-Saud—Ibn Saud. He owns one-sixth of the world's oil reserves. He is incredibly rich—one of the richest men in the world. In 1952, his income was estimated at $185,000,000—half a million a day.

He is King of Saudi Arabia, a vast barren steppe as large as the U. S. east of the Mississippi, inhabited by three or four million primitive nomads who cannot read, write or tell time. His country is not only the largest in the strategic Middle East, but contains the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina, sacred to the world's 350,000,000 Moslems.

Ibn Saud looks and acts the part. Six-foot-four, he has a swarthy complexion, with grizzled beard and mustache framing high cheekbones and a slightly pug nose. His conquests were achieved by sword and fire, yet he has proved to have an incomparable grasp of the art of dealing not only with his headstrong people, but with the shrewdest diplomats of the Great Powers that dominate the turbulent Middle East.

His life has revolved around all the things cherished by Arab tradition—women and horses and camels, milk and dates, desert raids and warfare. He is famous for his volcanic temper, explosive but fleeting. He is autocratic, charming, and, on occasion, astonishingly ignorant about the modern world.

His chief advisor is a brilliant, eccentric Englishman, St. John Philby, scholar and soldier who became so enamored of the desert way of life that he embraced the Moslem faith. One day, Philby remarked: "Your Majesty, if you wished to go from Arabia to Hawaii, it would not matter what direction you took, East or West, you'd get there just the same."

The King looked at Philby for a moment, then roared with laughter. It turned out he had never heard that the earth was round, and refused to believe it when told.

IN MANY WAYS Ibn Saud is a bridge between the ancient roving life of the Arabian desert and the complexities of our modern civilization. He belongs to one of the most puritanical of Moslem sects and follows the Koran as literally as one can in the 20th century. He drinks no liquors. He does not smoke. He bans music in his presence. He refused to send his sons to Egypt to study because of what he had heard of its lax morality.

Yet the growth of his wealth, accelerated by the discovery of oil, has surrounded him with the most fabulous luxuries an Oriental imagination could devise, or an Oriental tongue persuade the Arabian American Oil Company to pay for, as part of the price of a harmonious business relationship. Ibn Saud's whims have included air-conditioned palaces in the desert for his family, custom-built planes, limousines with gold fittings, and gold-plated telephones.

At the same time, the King remains a throwback to Biblical times, a monarch in an ancient tradition. Absolute though he is, he is accessible to the most trivial requests of the humblest camel driver. He sits in judgment on all kinds of cases.

The Arabian desert is known for its violence, guile and intrigue, and Ibn Saud was introduced to this when no more than a boy, at a reception his father attended, given by one Salim, his chief enemy of the moment. Salim had been ordered by Ibn Rashid, leader at that time, to slaughter the entire Saud family; he intended to hold a levee for Ibn Saud's father, surrounded by his guards, and after chatting for a while, planned to ask to see all the males of the Saud family. As soon as they were assembled, Salim's guards were to put them to the sword.

But Ibn Saud's father got wind of the plot. The two enemies went through the elaborate ritual of Arab hospitality. They ceremoniously drank coffee, chatted pleasantly of trifles, and bided their time. Finally, Salim made his request that the rest of the family be brought in. Ibn Saud's father gave a signal and his men swarmed into the audience chamber with drawn swords; after killing his guards, they dragged Salim off.

Ibn Saud, a mere child, peered out at this scene from behind his huge Negro slave, and saw blood shed in anger for the first time. It was a fitting preparation for his rise to power, in the course of which he has managed to unify Arabia unlike anyone since Mohammed, the founder of the Moslem religion.

When Ibn Saud was a youth, Arabia was overrun by bandits and thieves. The country was constantly simmering with tribal feuds. Ibn Saud succeeded in molding it into a national state by finding a way to unite the quarrelsome Bedouin tribes and to settle them on the land. He formed the "Brethren," which preached that faith in God, not tribal loyalties, were to bind together all men. At the same time he introduced a new agricultural program, including the division of land, which helped do away with nomadism.

He split up his fanatical Brethren into camel patrols and sent them through the land to establish law and order. They swooped down on an encampment or village without warning. They applied the law in its full rigor, beheading people for murder, flogging for immorality.

In many ways, Ibn Saud resembles Mohammed, to whose religion he is so fiercely devoted. But Mohammed, though he never had much time for the third of his reputed three weaknesses—women, perfumes and food—was especially addicted to the first.

In this, Ibn Saud's resemblance is marked. He gladly admits to a comprehensive matrimonial experience. He has had about two hundred wives, though, as an orthodox Moslem, never more than four at a time. But the Islamic divorce procedure has the charm of great simplicity—for men. A man need only say to his wife, three times, in the presence of witnesses: "Thou art divorced," and so she is.

Thus Ibn Saud, though he has kept to the strict law by never having more than four wives at a time, has run through a vast concourse of eligible desert maidens like a devouring flame.

The King's courage and stamina are legendary. Once, during a desert brawl, a bullet hit him in one thigh and felled him. Seeing their leader incapacitated, his men faltered, and their opponents took the opportunity of escaping.

Ibn Saud found himself in grave danger. He lay wounded in his tent, while his camp was consumed with rumor. His men were discouraged; they were saying that Ibn Saud was done for. He would never be able to lead them again. Many began to desert, leaving Ibn Saud's forces in danger should the enemy renew the fight.

Although his wound was painful, he had to show that it was not as serious as his wavering supporters thought, and prove to them that he was as much a man as ever. He ordered the sheikh of a neighboring village to find an eligible young woman he could marry; that same night the marriage ceremonies were carried out with the entire camp celebrating the occasion.

Ibn Saud's dramatic gesture reversed the mood of his men. The Arabs were taken out of their dejection and bellowed applause.

IBN SAUD, like many other Moslem potentates, has a great many children. His wives have borne him more than 40 sons and still more daughters, though the exact count is not known, except possibly to the Royal Chamberlain whose duty it is to keep it. One of these sons, Faysal, is a well-known figure in the United Nations, where he represents his country. With his black

mustache, his regal bearing and hawklike features, he resembles Basil Rathbone.

The son designated by Ibn Saud as his heir is called Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz; he looks very much like his father, but having been born after Ibn Saud's foot was firmly planted on the ladder of political success, he lacks that fiery vitality of his father. And, of course, in a country where personal valor, fiery tempers, and general high spirits are the rule, the chances of some trouble cropping up among the 40 sons or more, all of them legitimate, are more than probable.

Today, Ibn Saud's advancing years force him to live a far more sedentary life than before. After having spent most of his days on camelback, he now suffers from both dropsy and cataracts, and greatly depends on a wheelchair presented to him by the late President Roosevelt. He uses it to shuttle back and forth between his women and children and his work.

Yet the old Ibn Saud remains. He has always been notorious for his frugality. Despite his luxurious palace equipment, he prefers to sleep in a cheap iron bed. Like Napoleon, he is capable of deriving great repose from catnaps, and hardly sleeps more than four hours a night.

The king's diet is Spartan. In the morning he eats small sweet cakes with curded milk, in the evening a dish of rice and meat, with bread and a handful of dates. He has no lunch except for coffee or tea, which he drinks at all times of the day and night.

However, he entertains foreigners royally. A small group of Americans who once visited Saudi Arabia on a Government mission each had a suite of air-conditioned rooms with every possible convenience in Ibn Saud's palace. When they came to breakfast, they found individual packages of American breakfast food (to be eaten with camel's milk) on their table; Ibn Saud had apparently ordered it by the case.

When, finally, they dined with the monarch that night, they found before them a profusion of food—roasted, broiled, boiled, stewed, fried—such as they had never seen before. They lost count of the courses, along with their appetites, as the evening proceeded.

"Then Ibn Saud began to tell us of his youth, and the battles he had led," one man recalled. "He spoke in Arabic, of course, and each of us had a translator at our ear explaining his words. But we didn't listen—we were transfixed by the King himself. He regaled us with these stories with such fire in his eyes, such gestures, laying about him with his sword, standing up and acting out his adventures, that I tell you if I were a youth, I'd go wherever he led!"

When they left, each man had been given many gifts, including a sheikh's gold trimmed robe, a white headdress and a magnificent jeweled dagger and sheath. They were also given, as a quaint token of the modernization that has finally overtaken Ibn Saud's ancient country, a small container of cellophane-packed, commercially processed, dried dates.

It is only a decade and a half ago that Arabia, up to then of interest only to archeologists and adventurers, freakishly turned out to be floating on a sea of petroleum. Indications are that, in recognition of the increased value of oil reserves in these troubled times, Ibn Saud will ask for an even bigger royalty cut this year than he did in 1952. And he probably will get it.

The discovery of oil has increased the potentialities of Ibn Saud's kingdom almost limitlessly. Before, he was hampered by a lack of resources to absorb his available manpower; now he is constricted by lack of manpower to exploit his resources. Six and a half million people scattered throughout the wastes of Saudi Arabia are obviously incapable of making effective use of the millions pouring in annually as oil royalties.

Probably for the first time in history an absolute monarch is in the grotesque position of having more money available than he knows what to do with.

A fraction of Ibn Saud's yearly income could start the irrigation of the entire Arabian Peninsula. A process developed in America last year now makes it feasible to change sea water profitably into fresh water. This would make possible a vast fertile area on which could be raised enough food for millions, all this a far cry from swordplay and camel raids!

In one lifetime, Ibn Saud has spanned the gulf between the nomad encampment and the oil derrick; his emissaries to the UN mingle with delegates from the most civilized nations on earth, while at the same time to the bulk of his backward people the simplest scientific necessities of life still remain a mysterious enigma.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Jack Webb: The Man Who Makes "Dragnet," by Richard G. Hubler

On radio and TV, his name is Sergeant Joe Friday. In real life, he is Jack Webb, only writer-producer-director-actor who thinks with the mind of a cop. Each week, millions of listeners and viewers tune in on "Dragnet." This is the inside story of the man and of how he produces his program.

When "Wonder Drugs" Aren't Wonderful, by William Kaufman, M.D.

Perhaps the most important medical advance in recent years has been the development of antibiotics and other "wonder drugs." They have opened up new avenues of treatment in conditions which were formerly fatal. Yet these modern treatments are not infallible. In Coronet next month, a physician sounds a warning against their indiscriminate use.

Widows of Honor, by Lawrence Elliott

The Medal of Honor is the nation's highest award for valor. Most men die in performing the act that their medal commemorates. What happens to the loved ones they leave behind? In 24 pages of text and pictures, Coronet brings you the answer, as symbolized by widows of eight Korean heroes.

Some New Ways of Making Friends

by **Zelda Popkin**

Simple understanding makes the strongest bridge to good human relationships

ALL OF US KNOW someone we can't get along with, no matter how hard we try. That someone dislikes us, or we dislike him. It's mutual and automatic, occasionally with good reason, but more often purely instinctive.

I had a persistent dislike for a woman whose voice was like chalk drawn along a blackboard, for another who talk-talk-talked, for another who was always toadying.

There are times when you have to endure people like that to maintain discipline, hold a job, preserve family peace, or carry out a project which you recognize is more important than either of you.

I was in that spot once with a man I'm going to call Joe. We were assigned to the same office, on a public relations job for a welfare agency. When we were introduced, I said, "Hello. Glad to know you." He grunted and turned to the papers on his desk. I went to mine, thinking that his manners are boorish but he'd improve them.

He didn't. Day after day he ignored my greetings, offered no response whatever to my efforts to make large or small talk. At first I found myself challenged by his surliness, but soon I became disturbed and miserable.

But there was a job to be done, and we did it competently. I'm sure I worked harder than I might have, because I desperately craved just one word of approval from him. It never came.

When the work was finished, I left. He said no "good-by." As far as he was concerned, it was as if I hadn't been there.

I didn't see him again for many years. But through those years, Joe went out of his way to do things for me—small, helpful, personal favors. He did them unobtrusively, and so that I couldn't reach him to say "thanks." If I had thanked him, he would probably have snubbed me again. But the kindness was real and generous, though entirely on Joe's terms.

Through it, I learned something which has served me well all my life. It is this: everyone has his own way of behavior and everyone has the right to be himself.

I don't know why Joe behaved as he did, but his reasons may have been sound ones for him. Perhaps no one taught him good manners; perhaps he was shy. Or he may have once been cruelly rebuffed and so hurt that he didn't trust anyone. All I am sure of is that by never altering my own attitude to match his, by bottling up my own hurt, we got the job done and I made Joe my permanent friend.

Doing that can often be a hard job. Ask any private about noncoms and Army brass. He never has a good word to say. Yet in the Army, the rules of conduct are fixed. You salute and do as you're told, or else.

Understanding makes the strongest and most reliable bridge to good human relationships. Take the matter of my son's teacher in the sixth grade. From driblets of comment, I knew she was not liked. There were chalk fights in her room, tricks played behind her back.

One day something was done which outraged discipline and decency. Justifiably, the boys responsible were punished. One of them was my son. I went to the principal.

"What would you do," he asked me, "if you were the head of a school, and one of your teachers was a woman who had been a first-rate teacher until in a single year, she suffered the death of her husband and the beginning of loss of hearing and sight? She has two years to go to get the pension she's earned by a lifetime of work. Would you fire that woman now, or would you try to give her a break?"

I came home and told all that to my son.

"Why doesn't anyone tell us these things about people?" he cried. "We all thought she was just a mean old witch."

He passed the word along, and for the rest of the term that teacher had a class of gentle, chivalrous and cooperative children—because they had learned she was a distressed person whom they could help.

Mere cussedness is the rarest of human attributes. Another's disagreeable personality may come from indifference or unawareness, his lack of poise from insecurity; and it is well to remember that we too may have traits which get someone else's back up. The snappishness of the man at the next desk may be due to headaches from poor eyesight or the pressure of debts, just as the critical nagging of a mother-in-law may be due to loneliness rather than actual dislike.

MY FRIEND EMILY faced the latter situation. There had been a series of flare-ups between her and her widowed mother-in-law, followed by long periods of tight-lipped tension.

Emily decided the situation had to be faced candidly. She called on the older woman and told her, without anger or hostility, "Ed feels bad about this, and so do I. He is your son and I am your daughter and you are our mother. We cannot get on together unless you are honest with us. Exactly what have we done or failed to do? Let us know, because we want to do all we can to make life pleasant for you."

Brought to light, her vague dissatisfactions boiled down to an older woman's loneliness and dread of losing her sense of importance in the going concern of life. But out of that discussion came mutual respect and terms of lasting peace.

Face the fact that there is dislike. Have the courage to learn what prejudices, fears or misunderstandings have created it. Assume that somewhere is a kernel of good intentions, good will. Find it, cherish it, help it grow.

There are, to be sure, prejudices, larger and deeper than our personal selves, inherited hostilities, international antagonisms which torment our present days. These are so grave that sometimes we cease to think of people of other nations as people.

A friend of mine, in the first winter after World War II, was in Vienna with the Red Cross. That city was occupied by the United States, England, France and the Soviet Union, and the Russian bear, technically an ally, was already showing his teeth.

My friend was standing before the American Military Government headquarters, waiting for a luncheon companion, when two Russian officers rode up on a motorcycle and dashed into the building. In a few moments, they came out again and began to upbraid the M.P. at the door. He turned in despair to the Red Cross worker. "Do you speak German? Talk to them. See what they're screaming about."

She spoke to them, and they turned their anger on her. They wanted the commanding officer. He was not in his office. No one would give them information. Therefore, he was avoiding them, hiding. This was a trick.

"Listen, *tovarisch*," she said patiently, "I am not the capitalist system. I am just a working girl and I tell you the truth. The man has gone to lunch, nothing more." And all at once she laughed.

They stared at her. Then they too relaxed and started to laugh. The absurdity of their suspicions had struck them at last. They leaped aboard their motorcycle and chugged off, to return after lunch.

International crises, certainly, cannot be resolved by a laugh, yet it is true in large affairs as in small that "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Many of us shun the soft answers out of dread of being thought soft ourselves. Yet there is no shame in softness. The art of friendship, essential in public as well as private relationships, leans heavily upon that. And upon patience, forebearance and honest effort to understand one another's weakness, fear and distress.

It Could Happen to You

THE LADY of the house, spending the evening alone while her husband attended a convention dinner, developed a severe headache. Deciding to retire early, she put out the milk bottles and left a note for her spouse not to disturb her.

That gentleman was a little surprised upon returning home to find pinned to the inner vestibule door a piece of paper which read: "I have everything I need, thank you." He puzzled over it a moment but retired without taking the trouble to awaken his wife and ask about her strange *billet-doux*.

Next morning the lady wished he had because, along with a quart of milk, she found the other note. It read: "Please come up quietly."

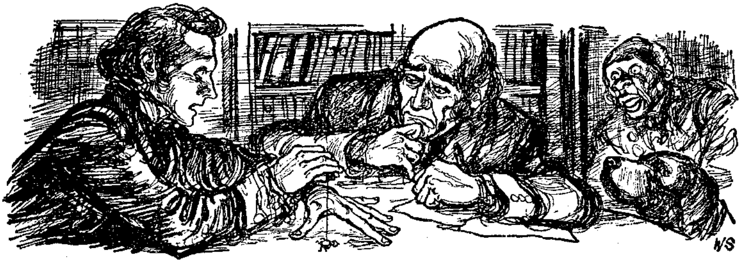
—*The Montrealer*

Coronet Classic

THE GOLD BUG

by **EDGAR ALLAN POE**

illustrated by **WILLIAM SHARP**



A classic tale of mystery and suspense, in which the father of "detective" stories introduced cryptography into American fiction

MANY YEARS AGO, I became a warm friend of a Mr. William Legrand. He was of a wealthy Huguenot family, but misfortunes had reduced him to want, and so he had left New Orleans, city of his forefathers, and moved to Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

The island consists mostly of sand, and is about three miles long and a quarter-mile wide. The vegetation is dwarfish: no trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a hut, which he occupied when I first made his acquaintance.

I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of

shells or insect specimens. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old Negro called Jupiter, a family retainer.

The winters on Sullivan's Island are seldom severe, and in the fall it is rare that a fire is necessary. However, in October, 18—, there occurred a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled through the myrtle to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, and getting no reply, I walked in. A fire was blazing upon the hearth. I took a chair by the blaze, and awaited my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a cordial greeting. Legrand was in one of his fits of enthusiasm. He had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabaeus* which he believed to be totally new, but on which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"Why not tonight?" I asked, rubbing my hands by the fire.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand. "As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—— from the Fort, and very foolishly lent him the bug; so you can't see it until morning. Stay here tonight, and I will send Jupe down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation—of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back. The antennae are—"

"De bug is a goole-bug, Massa Will," interrupted Jupiter. "Solid goole, every bit—neber feel so hebby a bug in my life!"

"Well, suppose it is, Jupe," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed, than the case demanded. "The color"—he turned to me—"is really enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster—but of this you can't judge till tomorrow. Meantime I can give you some idea of the shape."

Legrand seated himself at a table, on which were a pen and ink but no paper. He looked in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," he said, "this will answer"—and drew from his pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire. When the design was complete, he handed it to me. For some minutes I studied the paper, puzzled.

"Well!" I said, "this is a strange *scarabaeus!* I never saw any thing like it before. It resembles a skull, or death's-head."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh—yes—well, it may have something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking," said I. "This is a skull. But where are the antennae you spoke of?"

"The antennae?" said Legrand irritably. "I am sure you must see them. I made them as distinct as they are on the insect."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—but I still don't see them"—and I handed him the paper without further remark. I was surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and yet, there were positively no antennae visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to a death's-head.

Legrand received the paper peevishly, and was about to toss it in the fire when a casual glance at the design seemed to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another, excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing. Then he arose, took a candle from the table and sat upon a chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to stir his growing moodiness by any comment.

Presently he took from his coat a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a desk, which he locked. Now he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away, he became more and more absorbed in revery, from which no words of mine could rouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, but seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to leave. Legrand did not press me to remain.

IT WAS A MONTH after this (during which I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit at Charleston from Jupiter. I had never seen the good old Negro look so dispirited.

"Jupe," I said, "what's the matter? How is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, Massa, him not so well."

"Not well? What does he complain of?"

"Massa Will say nothin' de matter wid him—but what make him go about wid his head down and his shoulders up, and as white as a goose? And den he keep a syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid figgures on de slate—de queerest figgures I ebber see. Ise gettin' skeered, I tell you."

"What do you mean?" I said sharply.

"Why, Massa, I mean de bug."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm sartain Massa Will bin bit somewhere 'bout de head by dat goole-bug. What make him dream 'bout goole so much, if 'taint cause he bit by de goole-bug?"

"How do you know he dreams about gold?"

"'Cause he talk about it in he sleep."

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"Yes, Massa," and Jupiter handed me a note:

"My Dear——————

Since I saw you, I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it—or whether to tell it at all.

If you can, come over with Jupiter. I wish to see you *tonight*, upon business of importance."

There was something in this note which gave me great uneasiness. What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had finally unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the Negro.

With a fair breeze we soon ran into the little cove near Fort Moultrie, and it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at the hut. Legrand grasped my hand nervously. His countenance was pale to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared unnaturally.

After inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabaeus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently. "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabaeus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it? This bug is to make my fortune, to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it?"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, "you are certainly unwell. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed. "If you really wish me well, you will relieve my excitement."

"How?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going on an expedition to the mainland, and we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide."

"Will you promise me, then, that when this bug business is settled to your satisfaction, you will return home and follow my advice implicitly?"

"Yes, I promise," Legrand said. "And now, let us be off."

We started at 4 o'clock. Jupiter had a scythe and three spades: his demeanor was dogged, and "dat bug" were the sole words which escaped him during the journey. For my part, I had a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabaeus*, which he carried attached to the end of a whipcord—twirling it to and fro with the air of a conjuror.

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the mainland, proceeded through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only here and there to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks. The sun was just setting when we entered a tableland near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and thickly overgrown with brambles. Jupiter cleared a path to the foot of an enormous tulip tree, which stood with some eight or ten oaks and far surpassed them all in majesty of appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter and asked him if he could climb it.

"How far mus' I go up, Massa?"

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you. And here—stop!—take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! De goole-bug!" cried the Negro, drawing back.

"If you are afraid to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string."

Jupiter cautiously took hold of the string, and holding the insect as far from him as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend. Embracing the huge trunk with his arms and knees, Jupiter at length wriggled himself into the first great fork.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The Negro ascended higher and higher, until he vanished in the dense foliage.

"How high are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the Negro. "I can see de sky."

"Never mind the sky! Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, five."

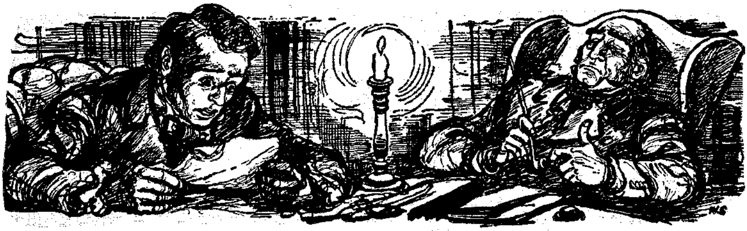
"Then go one limb higher."

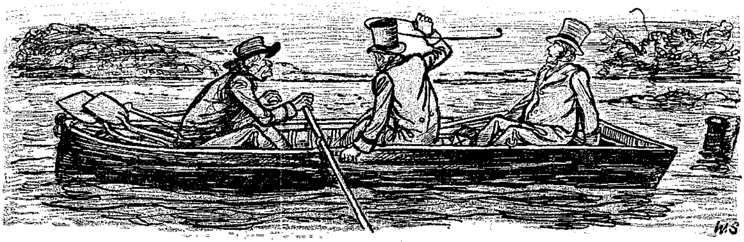
In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jupe," cried Legrand, much excited, "work your way out on that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

" 'Tis a dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand.





"Yes, Massa, him dead as de doornail."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand in distress. Then: "Try the wood with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, Massa, sure nuff," replied the Negro in a few moments, "but not so rotten as mought be."

"Now listen!" cried Legrand. "If you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the Negro promptly. "Mos' out to the end now."

"*Out to the end?*" fairly screamed Legrand.

"Soon to de end, Massa. O-o-o-o-oh! God-a-marcy! What is *dis* here 'pon de tree?"

"Well?" cried Legrand, highly delighted. "What is it?"

"Why tain't nothin' but a skull—somebody left him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob meat off."

"A skull, you say? How is it fastened to the limb?"

"Dare's a great big nail in de skull."

"Fine, Jupiter. Now do exactly as I tell you. Find the left eye of the skull."

Here was a pause. At length the Negro cried: "I got de lef' eye now. What mus' I do wit it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach."

"All dat done, Massa Will. Look out for him below!"

Now the descending beetle was visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like burnished gold, in the last rays of the sun. Legrand immediately took the scythe and cleared a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect. Then he ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down.

Driving a peg at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced a tape measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg and thence further unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for a distance of 50 feet—Jupiter clearing brambles with the scythe.

At the spot thus attained, a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle about four feet in diameter was described. Taking a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging.

To speak the truth, I had no relish for such amusement at the particular moment. Could I have depended upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force. But at length I concluded to dig with a good will.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work. We dug steadily for two hours and reached a depth of five feet, yet no signs of treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued.

Legrand, whom I sincerely pitied, clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment upon every feature, and proceeded reluctantly to put on his coat. I made no remark. Jupiter gathered up the tools, and we turned in silence toward home.

We had taken a dozen steps when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter and seized him by the collar. "You scoundrel!" he said, hissing the syllables from between clenched teeth. "You infernal villain! Which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, golly, Massa Will, ain't dis here my lef' eye?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his right.

"I thought so! Hurrah!" cried Legrand, executing a series of nimble steps. "Come, we must go back. The game's not up yet!"

My friend removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell to a spot about three inches to the westward. Again using the tape measure, a spot was indicated several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Again we set to work. I was dreadfully weary, but no longer felt great aversion to the labor. I had become most unaccountably interested—even excited. Perhaps there was something about Legrand—some air of forethought or of deliberation—which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking for the fancied treasure.

Suddenly our spades uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with buttons of metal and decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade turned up a large Spanish knife and three or four loose pieces of gold.

Now we worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood in good preservation, about three feet long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep.

The sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—panting with anxiety. In an instant a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward a glow and glare from a confused heap of gold and jewels.

I shall not pretend to describe the amazement with which I gazed. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, a deadly pallor. Then he fell upon his knees in the pit, and burying his arms up to the elbows in gold, let them remain there, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, he exclaimed:

"And all dis cum ob de goole-bug! De putty goole-bug what I laughed at. Ain't you shamed ob yourself, Jupiter?"

At last, it became necessary that I arouse both master and servant to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and we *must* get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, but finally we lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents. Then we were able to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and Jupiter left to guard them. We two then hurriedly made for home with the chest.

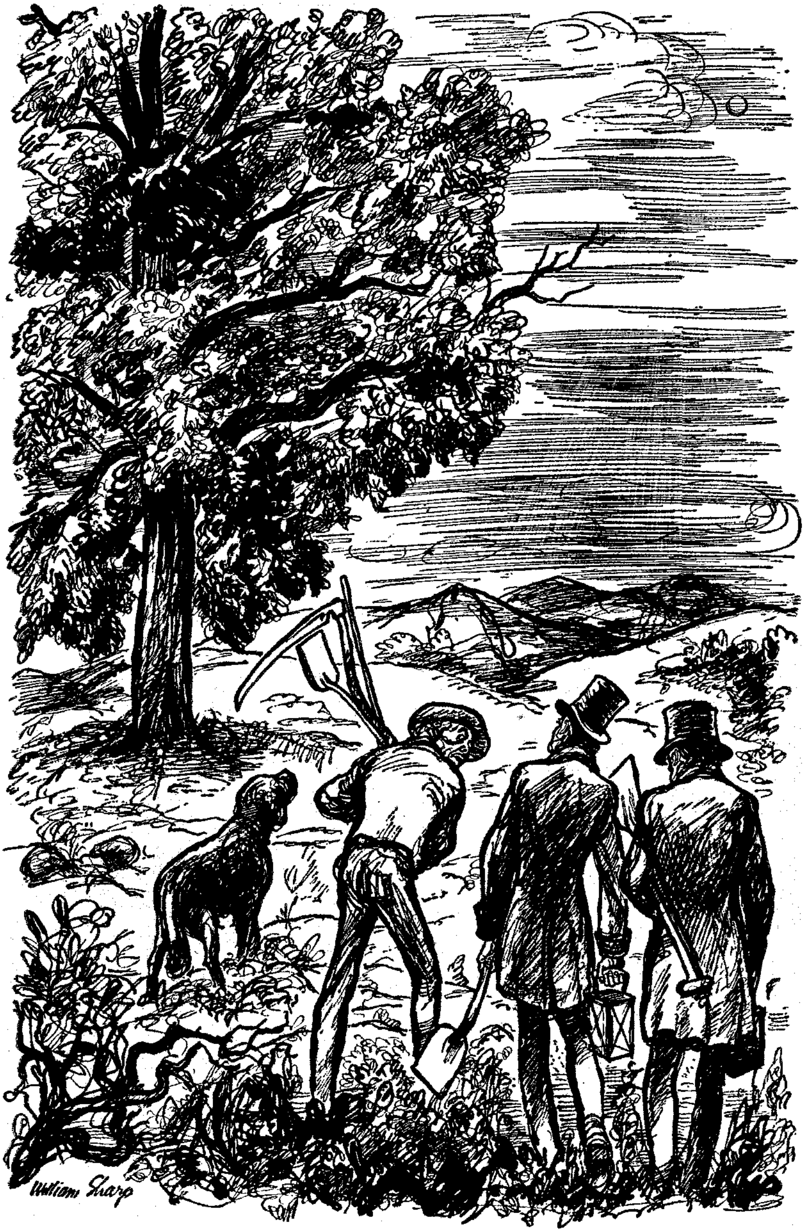
Worn out as we were, we rested and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterward, armed with three stout sacks. At 4 o'clock, we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty among us and returned to the hut. We were now exhausted, but after an unquiet sleep of four hours we arose, as if by preconcert, to examine our treasure.

In coin there was some $450,000, estimating the value of the antique pieces as accurately as we could. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds, 110 in all, and not one of them small; 18 rubies of remarkable brilliancy; 310 emeralds, all beautiful; and 21 sapphires, with an opal. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments, their weight exceeding 350 pounds, and in this estimate I have not included 197 superb gold watches, all richly jewelled. We estimated the entire contents of the chest at $1,500,000, and upon subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels, it was found we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When at length we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement had partly subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances.

"You remember," he said, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabaeus* and you insisted it resembled a death's-head? Well, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me and I was about to toss the parchment into the fire. Then, in the very act of crumpling it, my glance fell upon the sketch and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too amazed to think with accuracy. Presently I took a candle and proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it.

"My first idea, now, was mere surprise that there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately


William Sharp

beneath my figure of the *scarabaeus*, and that this skull should so closely resemble my drawing. The singularity of this coincidence stupefied me for a time. But when I recovered, there dawned upon me a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I remembered positively that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabaeus*. Then there seemed to glimmer faintly, within the remote chambers of my intellect, a conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration.

"When you had gone, and Jupiter was asleep, I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabaeus* was on the mainland, about a mile east of the island. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to drop it. Jupiter looked about for a leaf or something of that nature by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that our eyes fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper.

"It was laying half-buried in the sand. Near the spot I observed the remnants of a ship's longboat.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it and gave it to me. Soon we turned for home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——, who begged me to let him take the insect to the Fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it into his pocket, and I deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table to make a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper, so my hand fell upon the parchment. I detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession, for the circumstances impressed me with force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful, but I had already established two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon the coast, and not far away was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull upon it. You will, of course, ask, 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate."

"But," I interposed, "you say the skull was *not* on the parchment when you made the drawing. How do you explain this?"

"Ah, on that turns the whole mystery! I reasoned thus: when I drew the *scarabaeus*, there was no skull on the parchment. When I had completed the drawing, I gave it to you, and observed you until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull.

"You had drawn a chair close to the chimney. As I placed the parchment in your hand, it was in close proximity to the fire. When I considered these particulars, I doubted not that *heat* had been the agent in bringing the skull to light.

"You are well aware that chemical preparations exist by means of which it is possible to write upon paper or vellum so that characters shall become visible only when subjected to heat. So

I now kindled a fire and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat.

"Soon there became visible, at the corner of the slip, the figure of what I supposed to be a goat. Closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me it was intended for a kid. You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. And you have heard, of course, the many rumors afloat about money buried somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. Yet, have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed?

"But Kidd's accumulations were immense, as is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I say I felt a hope that the parchment involved a record of the place of deposit.

"I held the vellum again to the fire, but nothing appeared. So I carefully rinsed the parchment with warm water and placed it in a pan, the skull downward, and put the pan upon lighted charcoal. In a few minutes I removed the slip and, to my inexpressible joy, found it just as you see it now."

Here Legrand submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

"53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))85;1‡(;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;4
6(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4
‡‡;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(‡9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;
161;:188;‡?;"

"But," said I, "I am as much in the dark as ever."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might imagine. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher; but from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma which human ingenuity may not resolve.

"In the present case, you observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such cases, I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

Of the character 8	there are 33.	Of † and 1	there are 8.
;	" " 26.	0	" " 6.
4	" " 19.	9 and 2	" " 5.
‡ and)	" " 16.	: and 3	" " 4.
*	" " 13.	?	" " 3.
5	" " 12.	¶	" " 2.
6	" " 11.	— and .	" " 1.
(	" " 10.		

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterward, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it to be *e*. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 is seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual. Let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order, the last being 8. Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example,

to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into t ee, and, going through the alphabet, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement: the tree ;4(‡?34 the, or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus: the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces or substitute dots, we read thus: the tree thr. . .h the, when the word '*through*' makes itself evident. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, ?, and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not far from the beginning, this arrangement, 83(88, or egree, which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination ;46(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots as before, we read thus: th.rtee, an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination 53‡‡†

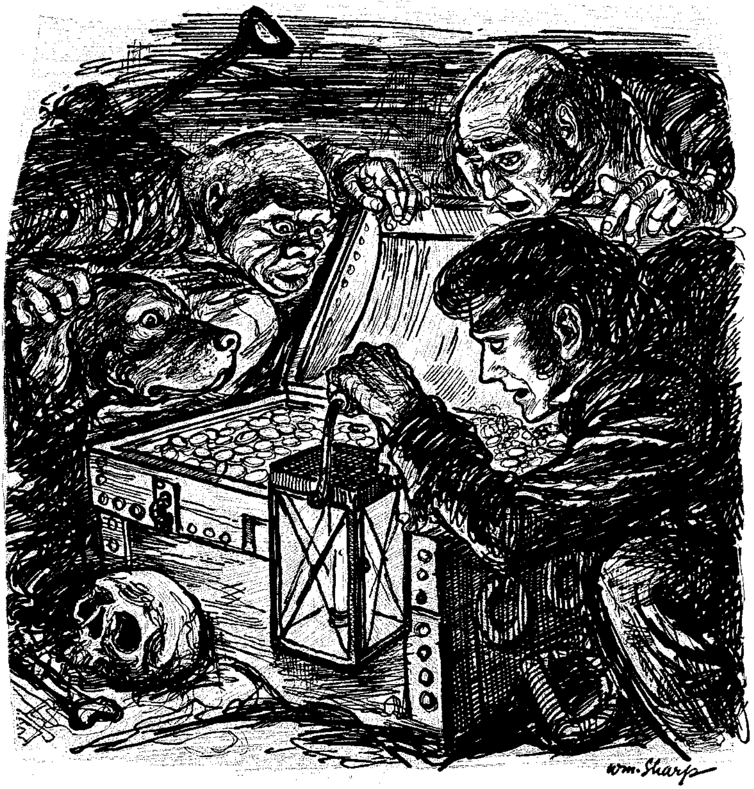
"Translating as before, we obtain .good, which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key in a tabular form to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a	4	represents	h	‡	represents	o
†	"	d	6	"	i	(	"	r
8	"	e	*	"	n	;	"	t
3	"	g				?	"	u

"We have, therefore, no less than eleven of the most important letters represented, and it now only remains to give you the full translation of the parchment, as unriddled.

" '*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one*



degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a beeline from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'

"I confess," continued Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist. I reflected that it has been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break which would naturally require a pause, he would be apt to run his characters more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

" '*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a beeline from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*' "

"Even this division," I said, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days during which I made inquiry in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'—for of course I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information, I was on the point of extending my search, when one morning it entered into my head that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor house about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation and reinstituted my inquiries among the older Negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it.

"We found it without much difficulty, and I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height. I clambered to its apex.

"Suddenly my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, a yard below where I stood. A niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I had no doubt that here was the 'devil's-seat,' and now I seemed to grasp the full secret.

"The 'good glass' could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. I hurried home, procured a telescope and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge and proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I established by means of a pocket compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a rift in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, and made it out to be a skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a beeline, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, but when you left the 'Bishop's Hotel,' what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left the 'devil's-seat,' however, the circular rift vanished. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact that the opening is visible from no other point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge. Next day, getting up early, I went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it."

"I suppose," I said, "you missed the spot in the first digging through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment. But 'the shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off."

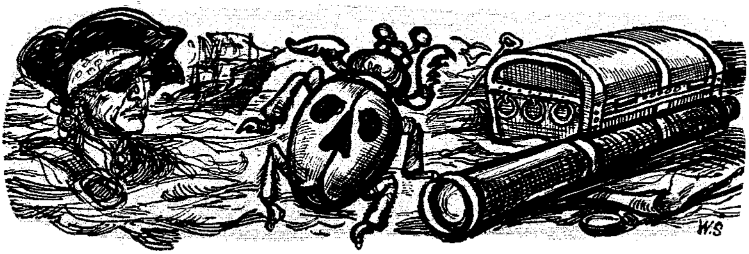
"Why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly by a little bit of sober mystification."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. It is clear that Kidd must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret.

"Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient while his men were busy in the pit. Or perhaps it required a dozen. Who can tell? . . ."



The Never-Never Land of VICTOR HERBERT

by CAROL HUGHES

WHEN GRANDFATHER SIGHS: "Oh, for the good old days!" the chances are he is remembering that period between 1880 and 1920. The chances, too, are that if he reminisces, he would begin humming a little tune.

The tune might be something from *Naughty Marietta;* or maybe it would be *Kiss Me Again* or a rollicking tune like *March of the Toys.* And if there should be a bobby-soxer granddaughter around, she could sing right along with him. For the works of Victor Herbert, king of light opera and master of the art of good living, are as well known today to granddaughters as to grandparents.

Herbert, were he alive, would be the first to agree with grandfather about "the good old days." His was a world of such lush living that it often appears today like a never-never land. For Herbert epitomized an era of enchantment; of lovely modest ladies, debonair suitors, champagne and waltzes. His was a nontumultuous half-century when he was called upon to fight no war: the days of old Luchow's and Tony Pastor's, of Fritzi Scheff and of gaiety and chivalry. Indeed, Victor Herbert lived his entire life in a roseate glow of adulation, financial success and self-contentment.

Almost literally he was the man who had everything. His extraordinary musical ability brought him enough money to indulge one of the most insatiable appetites for the good life since King Henry

VIII. He was appreciated musically from almost his first straggling composition. His magnificently imposing figure made him the idol of women, the envy of men.

An Irishman by birth, a German by education, an American by adoption, he had the Continental manners and polish of a prince. He married the woman of his choice, raised a boy and a girl, devoured life with all the resources of his huge frame, and never lived to regret it. Today, his music lives on, 29 years after his death, still known and loved by millions.

Struggling composers can learn the lesson of work from Herbert. In a short span of years, he produced 43 operettas, 2 operas, and incidental music for 10 other stage productions. His melodic power was such that he could, and did, compose a score overnight. Florenz Ziegfeld once said in awe:

"He would come into my office, work out a whole new scene, and next morning appear with a full orchestration."

While on the surface, this fluency might well discourage the plodder, it was the result of a solid grounding in musical study. His long years of study under old German masters dispel any notion of magic. Herbert knew the orchestra from every angle: he knew it from long study of not one instrument but several.

Throughout his life he urged every young musical aspirant to *learn his craft*. Once he offered to teach young George Gershwin orchestration, gratis.

"Some composers think only in terms of a piano," he said ruefully. "If only the young ones would study! I consider all the resources of an orchestra. If I did not, it would be as if a great painter conceived the idea for a picture, and then had someone else paint it."

He sometimes conducted his own works.

The geniality of Herbert, the man, is mirrored in much of his music. His bubbling spirit, his love of people, fun and gaiety came forth in lilting tunes to capture the public's imagination. He could sing a fair baritone, play the piano, was America's top cellist. He was a Rabelaisian storyteller in smoke-filled beer cellars, and a polished dandy on a ballroom floor. Always vigorous, even at 60, when he was florid and weighed 250 pounds, he was still a gallant figure.

At his death, it was generally conceded among those who loved him that he "had literally eaten himself to death."

This Falstaff of American music was an immigrant, but not an immigrant in the usual sense of a man

He gloried in his position as bandmaster.

Even when at work, he wore a cutaway.

seeking haven and wealth in the land of the free. Herbert was at home anywhere. He was the playboy of Stuttgart, Germany, long before he came to New York; he was a gay blade in Berlin, an adored figure in Vienna. But America can claim credit for the development of a musical talent that otherwise might have slumbered in sophisticated Europe. And yet, America came close to losing one of its most memorable personalities through a thing called Prohibition.

When this "most gruesome and dire disaster" descended upon Herbert, it was the hour of decision. "If I didn't love America so much, and wasn't living so well," he threatened, "I would uproot myself and return to the cellars of Stuttgart."

The circumstances surrounding Herbert's arrival in America were of no small consideration. He came as "excess baggage," hanging onto the talent contract of his famous opera-singing wife. In Germany, he was famous as its top cello player, but when Herbert found himself in the Metropolitan Opera pit, while his famed wife, Frau Therese Foerster Herbert, was shining on stage, this flamboyant extrovert who craved the spotlight decided to find the medium that would take him out of the pit and put him on the stage. As one of his irked companions said soon thereafter: "The cello is the tail, but Herbert wants to be the head."

ALMOST FROM BIRTH, Victor wanted to be the head. Born in Dublin, on February 1, 1859, Victor was blessed from his day of birth. His father died when Victor was three years old; but as an artist, he had contributed intelligent parentage. His mother, Fanny Lover Herbert, was a mother who eagerly developed his natural talents. His grandfather, Samuel Lover, provided little Victor with a wealthy, comfortable home and an artistic setting.

When Victor's father died, the boy and his mother moved to the estate of Grandfather Lover, known as "Seven Oaks," a mecca for visiting celebrities. Victor was fortunate to have seven formative years in this home that breathed culture, art, and especially music.

When his mother married a German physician, Victor was again fortunate in her selection of a stepfather. The family lived in Stuttgart, at that time a center of talent. It was here that Victor began his study of music under stern instructors who brooked no foolishness and insisted on that indispensable preliminary of musical knowledge — "never mind where the talent is."

Victor learned piano and cello, played as a young man in orchestras, and became so proficient that he was elevated to first cellist of the Court Orchestra in Stuttgart. And as he played music, he played life, too.

For five years in Stuttgart, he was the handsome man-about-town, welcome anywhere. He toured Leipzig, Berlin and Munich, and was considered a "catch" for the ladies of half a dozen cities. For 27 years, he played his way through Europe, lighthearted, free, doing exactly what he wanted to do.

Then came the fatal night in Stuttgart when a handsome, statuesque girl stepped onto the stage. Next day, Fräulein Foerster was the toast of the town, and Victor Herbert was a smitten young swain.

Soon, the fame of Fräulein Foerster spread across the seas and a young impresario named Frank Damrosch, of the Metropolitan Opera, came calling on the Fräulein to whisk her across the Atlantic.

The only flaw was that by the time he arrived, Herbert had won the heart of his lady. Faced with this, the reluctant Damrosch found himself talking about a contract with a cello player.

When a dejected Damrosch sailed for home, fingering a contract, the happy cello player was planning a wedding, buying boat tickets, and concerned with nothing more than wondering if America, too, had good wines, good food and plenty of good beer.

As always with Herbert, he began to make friends and enjoy life in America. The Herberts were a stunning couple; they were invited everywhere, and Herbert was soon playing extra engagements. The money was good, life was good, and Herbert's enthusiasm for his new country was unlimited.

For a time the Herberts were a devoted couple; but as Herbert's talents ripened, and his earning capacity increased, Mrs. Herbert gave up her opera career for her home. Although in later years they drifted apart, they remained married until death, and Mrs. Herbert was at all times the polished hostess and a devoted mother.

Herbert's break with serious music came in 1893, when he was invited to lead the Twenty-Second Regiment Band, known popularly as the famous "Gilmore Band." Even though he had composed some good string music and a few classical numbers, he already had found out "a sad truth"—there was no money in it. The current of his ambition changed then and there; money, plenty of it, was a necessity to Herbert. So he was delighted with his band.

He loved the pomp and circumstance, the gay and colorful uni-

Herbert shows were lavish, tuneful.

forms, the society balls and basking in the spotlight at the head of the most popular band in New York City. He was fawned upon by society queens, and he discovered for the first time that delightful Bohemian world of Greenwich Village in the 1890's.

His next step was a surprising one to many, but it proved the happiest and most productive for Herbert. In 1898, he accepted the post of conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Here, for six years, he lived in splendor, entertained lavishly, and wrote eight or ten light operas, as well as some serious music. Meantime, like grandfather of old, he was host to every passing celebrity.

Fritz Kreisler was to mourn in later years: "What has become of those memorable days in Pittsburgh? I'll never forget the happiest day I ever spent—the day we played the Schubert String Quintet *three times*."

As Herbert, Kreisler and several other friends spent the Saturday afternoon in the Herbert mansion, they began with the String Quintet; after a session of nourishment, they thought it excellent music, so they played it again. Upstairs they enjoyed billiards and some "refreshments," then decided nothing was as good as the way they played the String Quintet. So again they returned to their instruments.

This was the life Herbert loved. But his amazing mentality, his capacity for work, were of such nature that he could spend a whole afternoon rehearsing the orchestra, conduct the evening concert, go out later "for refreshments," and then return home to compose several scores. In Pittsburgh in a few months, he turned out *The Fortune Teller*, completed a symphony, a concerto, a symphonic poem, a suite for strings, and the scores for several light operas.

This fertility was not born of financial greed, as some envious contemporaries claimed. It was a creative exuberance that came to him naturally.

When he walked, rode on a train, went for a ride in the park, the talent was there, waiting to be tapped. However, in the one modest statement Herbert ever made, he claimed no credit for his achievements. "It is a divine gift," he said, "a charge in my keeping."

Herbert's best music came in the years from 1900 to 1915. In 1904

His friends included Fritz Kreisler . . .

he returned to New York to spend all his time composing. His two best-known works are *The Red Mill* (written in 1906) and *Naughty Marietta* (written in 1910). These two favorites are as popular in our day as they were in his; both have met the tests of time and comparison.

His *Babes in Toyland* became better known for its brilliant "March of the Toys" than for the entire score. The concert stage and its stars have made excellent use of selections from *The Fortune Teller*, *Mlle. Modiste*, *Babette*, *The Singing Girl*, *The Serenade* and *It Happened in Nordland*. The *Gypsy Love Song* and *Kiss Me Again* seem destined to live forever.

Generally known as a placid man, when Herbert was riled he was capable of angry rhetoric that flowed as easily as his melodies. The critics' reports on *Natoma*, a serious attempt at opera, brought a retort from Herbert: "Those little scribblers on the newspapers called critics are the biggest cowards alive. They at least ought to attend the show, see it through, and write what they see!"

His most famous squabble came when the *Musical Courier* "impugned his musical honesty" by saying of *The Fortune Teller:* "There is no original strain in anything he has done." The genial Herbert blew up. He sued for $50,000, earned publicity all over the world, won a small payment in New York Supreme Court, and then headed for Luchow's to celebrate with friends, the incident almost forgotten.

Herbert had a world of friends from every walk of life, but among his closest were Charles Dillingham, Fred Stone, Fritz Kreisler, and Oscar Hammerstein. Generous to a fault, he was known as the "best touch" on Broadway. He kept his pockets stuffed with bills as he walked about town, turned down no one, and with no moralizing told the recipients of his largess to "enjoy a drink on him."

. . . and a youngster named Gershwin.

UNTIL THE END of his life, Herbert was able to maintain his family in luxury and appease his own enormous appetite for fun and gaiety. His summer home at Lake Placid in the Adirondacks was famous for its hospitality and celebrities. He bought the finest clothes, the finest cars, and had the fastest speed boat on Lake Placid. And as he had lived, so was he privileged to die—endowed with glory.

Even though his operettas had grown weaker in his final years, he turned his talents to writing special numbers for revues, and was as successful in this as he had been in all things. One day in 1924, while engaged on a revue, he went out for lunch at the Lamb's Club, promising to return that afternoon to complete the score. He was then 65, weighed 250 pounds, but was still an imposing figure. As he went through the Club, friends joshed him about eating a mere sandwich,

since his doctor had pleaded with him to go slow on eating.

When he finished lunch, he arose and found "the distasteful thing didn't set too well." He drove over to Dr. Emanuel Baruch's office, and there collapsed and died.

Herbert had chosen the proper time for his demise. It was discovered that his debts for high living would absorb most of his estate. But at his death he was engaged in one last battle with "that nuisance radio," to compel networks to pay royalties for the use of popular music, since radio was cutting into the sales of Herbert's sheet music. Assisted by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (later to grow all-powerful), he was out to stop radio from literally "playing him to death."

Although Herbert died before he won his victory, it served his estate well. By the time Mrs. Herbert died in 1927, just three years later, the estate had grown considerably and was divided equally upon her death between her son and daughter.

Herbert did not begin an era; he ended one. His was the pre-jazz age of waltzes, gracious living, peace and contentment. The lilting songs that flowed from his fingers have survived to take their place in the musical history of America. For Herbert will live, not so much for any single operetta, as for the melodious anthology that has been drawn from his repertory.

He left another legacy, too—perhaps his finest. Deems Taylor expressed it for him: "Victor Herbert never wrote a vulgar line in his whole life."

Gay Fritzi Scheff typified Herbert's era.

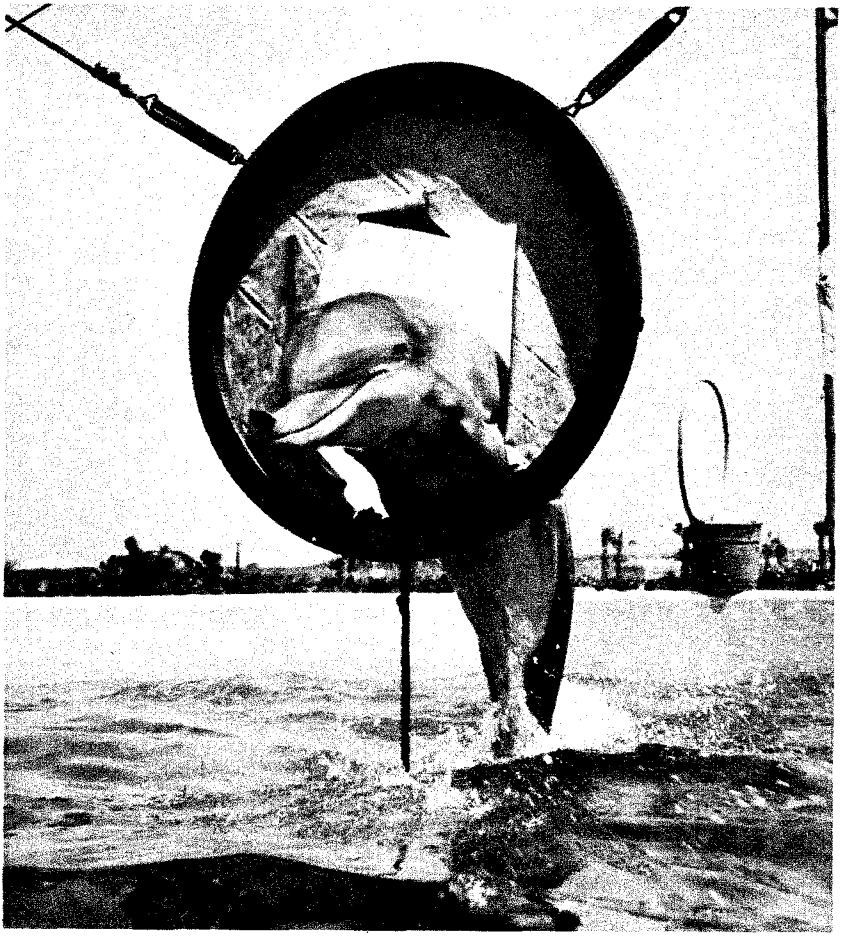
Picture Story

Animals on Salary

In their own obsession with fame and fortune, people rarely take note of "individuals" who have won success in other worlds. But the truth is that animals—the four-legged kind—have made contributions to such varied pursuits as the drama, the dance and the occult. Take Tamba, the chimpanzee who, many admit, is the real star of the *Jungle Jim* movie series; Johnny Weissmuller himself has conceded that even if he attached a third ear to his head, no one would notice him if Tamba were around. Yet, far from letting acclaim go to his head, Tamba was recently voted the most cooperative actor on the set. In fact, he has never even demanded a salary increase.

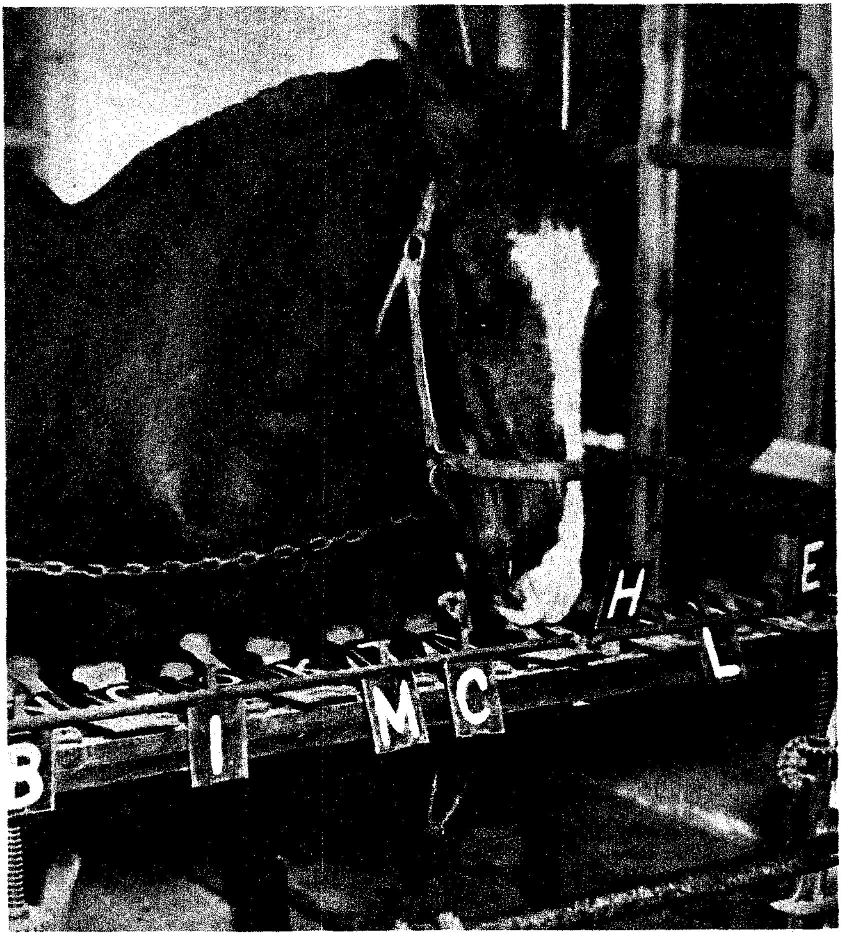
ROSIE THE BEAR: *A Girl for Bob Hope*

BORN IN BROOKLYN 17 years ago, Rosie the Bear won the second female lead in the Hope-Crosby picture, *Road to Utopia*, while still an untried starlet. Now, although she still can't read a note of music, Rosie's husky singing voice commands a three-figure salary on radio and TV. People don't bother her a bit and, with her family, she lives among them with perfect equanimity. Transportation is the only problem: no matter how loudly she hails them, cabs won't stop for Rosie. "It must be my Brooklyn accent," she says.



FLIPPY: *Porpoise with a Purpose*

THE GREATEST aquatic performer since Esther Williams is a 200-pound porpoise named Flippy. In a test of animal intelligence, Flippy quickly demonstrated his willingness to turn handsprings—provided his reward, a fish dinner, was waiting. Although he has been taught to leap through a hoop raised out of the water, to wear a harness and tow a surfboard, Flippy doesn't quite understand what all the fuss is about. After all, he likes to play, the folks at Marineland, Florida, have been pretty nice to him and—there's always that fish dinner.

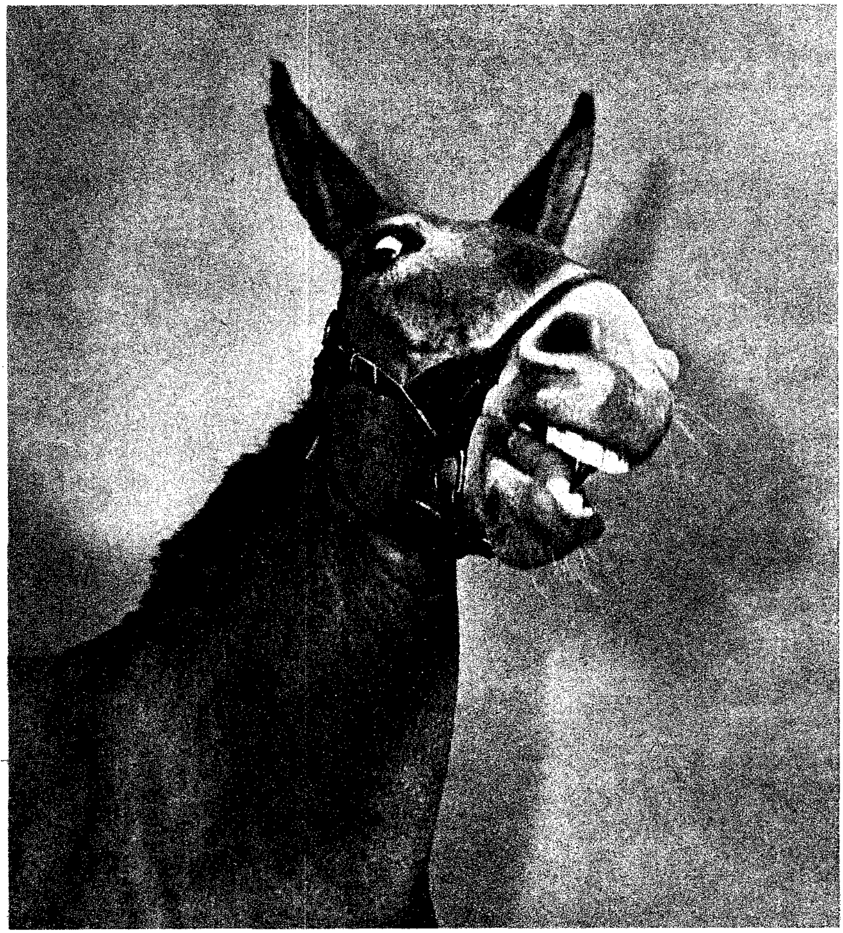


LADY WONDER: *Old-Fashioned Horse Sense*

PEOPLE IN RICHMOND, Virginia, didn't think it strange that a District Attorney should consult Lady Wonder, a horse, about a missing boy. Lady, they point out, has been peering into the future and answering the questions of skeptics —mostly Yankees—for 25 years. A psychologist even pronounced her "psychic" once. So, nosing up the letters on her "typewriter," Lady revealed where the missing boy was. Occasionally, however, Lady errs, like the time she picked Dewey to win over Truman. But then, even Dewey was wrong about that.

BIG RUTH: *No Pensions for Elephants*

At 67, an age when even elephants begin thinking about retiring to Florida, Big Ruth, the massive leader of Ringling Brothers' pachyderm pack, thinks of nothing but food and work—in prodigious quantities. In a single day, Ruth downs 50 gallons of water, a bale of hay and 32 pounds of bran mash. For a light workout, she hauls canvas for the Big Top, but her real job is leading the elephant parade, tumbling in the center ring and holding her foot over the face of a pretty girl. The girl says: "For an elephant, she's very light on her feet."



FRANCIS: *Master Money-Maker*

WHEN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL signed Francis to a movie contract as part of their new-faces campaign, little did they dream that they had a box-office sensation worth more than $8,000,000 on their hands. Francis alone took his success in stride. He had once held the key post of mascot in the Democratic Party and, since his sex is neuter, he has never been distracted from his goal by either mares or jackasses. After being given the full star "treatment," and with four films under his harness, Francis is shopping for a swimming pool.

MORGAN: *No Talent, But Appeal*

TELEVISION, which gave to a squint-eyed nation such luminaries as Dagmar, Milton Berle and Gorgeous George, the wrestler, may have surpassed itself with a sad-eyed hound named J. J. Morgan. No one knows what Morgan can do—viewers have never heard him sing, seen him dance or even emcee a quiz show—but such astute judges of TV appeal as Garry Moore and Jackie Gleason stand ready to pay Morgan $125 any time he wants to be on their shows. When he is, they make jokes, Morgan looks mournful, and fan mail floods the studio.

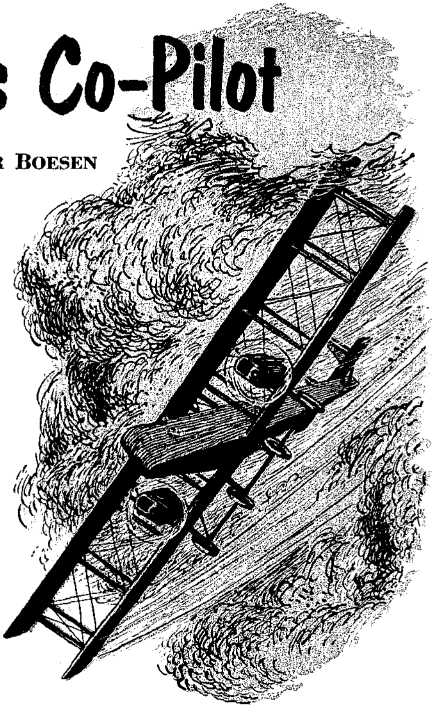
H. C. LARRY DOMINO 12TH: *Big Money Bull*

HE CAN TRACE his ancestors back 18 generations—although he is usually too busy. He has established, with the help of several scores of heifers, a hierarchy among Herefords. His name, appropriate for one of such distinguished genealogy, is H. C. Larry Domino 12th, and his sons and daughters have already won 14 national championships. When a half-interest in his services was sold recently, the going price was a staggering $105,000. What, you may ask, does the bull get out of all this? Nothing, except perhaps pride in his offspring.

Adventure's Co-Pilot

by VICTOR BOESEN

Eric Springer has won many a brush with death in helping to usher in the Air Age



ONE WINTER DAY 34 years ago, an outsize box kite known as the Martin Bomber lumbered noisily down a cleared strip alongside the Nickel Plate Railroad tracks outside Cleveland. Slowly gaining speed, it lifted heavily into the air and staggered off in the direction of Washington, D.C.

In the ship's open, tublike cockpit, the stocky, round-faced young pilot had shielded himself against the icy blast swirling about him by adding a layer of sweaters under his fur-lined flying suit, and a swathing of woolen scarves around his head. With his gloved hands he clasped the wheel over a pair of electric hand-warmers, connected to a storage battery set on the floor.

Additionally, it was agreed among himself and his mechanic and the Army officer, bundled alongside, that each was to watch the others' faces for white patches, telltale signs of frostbite.

But keeping warm was soon to be the least of their problems. The broken clouds drew together in a solid wall before them. The pilot, knowing of no reason not to get through, bored on.

Next moment he was lost in a leaden wilderness of snow, sleet and wind. The compass fluttered wildly. The engines labored mysteriously, threatening to stall. Ice and snow coated his goggles; when he pushed them up to see, a stinging blast nearly tore his eyes out.

The ship began to shake violently. There was a crashing sound, as of something breaking, and the pilot was hit a stunning blow on the head. His first thought was that his mechanic had gone berserk and belted him with a wrench. Then he realized that the ship was coated with ice, and that what had hit him was a chunk thrown off by a propeller. Control disappeared. He felt the ship falling.

He turned to his companions and shouted, "Well, this is it!" It was almost good to get it over with. What bothered him most, curiously, was that the newspapers would probably get the story of what happened all wrong. Then he glimpsed the ground. It was directly *overhead*, about 300 feet away. By some extraordinary artfulness, he contrived to bring earth and ship together without calamity. When the plane trundled to a stop, glistening with ice, one wing stuck out over a 300-foot cliff. Only ten minutes' fuel was left, due to an unsuspected leak that had developed in the tank. The crew had been spared by some kind of special providence.

Today, Thomas Eric Springer, pilot on that adventure, is a conservative, quiet-spoken business executive, whose hairline has receded but whose eyes are as clear and searching as ever. He heads the El Segundo, California, division of Douglas Aircraft Company, world's foremost hatchery of attack planes, designed to strike at moving targets on the earth's surface. Here, too, is where the world's fastest and highest-flying plane, the Skyrocket, came from.

That Springer, on this 50th anniversary of powered flight, is still around to help build these marvels is itself a distinction. Most of the old pioneer test pilots are gone. The dispensation by which he was spared on that Cleveland-Washington flight was often repeated.

The first time was soon after he had learned to fly. Glenn Martin, whose seven-and-a-half-hour course he had got for $500, was moving operations from a field at South Main Street, Los Angeles, to a new one at suburban Inglewood, ten miles away. Young Springer, eager to prove his mettle, accepted an invitation to fly one of the ships to the new location. The fact that this plane had never yet been off the ground, or that Springer had no cross-country experience, gave him no pause.

The night before, though, he was troubled by a dream of falling out of a plane. When he arrived at the field, he installed a rope (safety belts in 1915 not being considered quite manly) across the seat to hold him in.

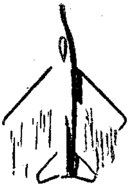
A dense ground fog overlay his route, but he planned to rise through it, aim his machine toward Inglewood, and fly for the time he estimated it should take to get there.

All went well until he scooped under the fog and throttled back to look for the field. The ship leaped and dipped like a playful porpoise; but for the safety rope, he would have been thrown out. There was no field, however—only buildings everywhere.

He thought ruefully of the picture book, *Vehicles of the Air*, that had given him the flying bug back home in Tennessee and Oklahoma. He smelled the banana oil that had been "sweeter than any cologne" when he first called on Martin and arranged for lessons.

Keeping the engine full on to avoid roller-coasting, he skittered along just over the ground. Then he found it—a familiar road! He trailed up this to the field, and made one of aviation's first power landings.

BUT IT WAS the Martin Bomber that gave zest to Springer's early flying life. Built in Cleveland, where Martin moved in 1917, this famous craft bore the hand of three young aircraftsmen whose names were to become internationally known: Donald Douglas, J. H. "Dutch" Kindelberger, and Lawrence Bell, whom Martin had taken with him to Cleveland.



The Martin ship awed the country probably as no plane has done since. Spanning more than 71 feet, it was driven by a pair of proud new engines called Liberty motors. Commanding 400-horsepower each, the pair gave the Martin Bomber a fantastic 800-horsepower (compared to 60,000 for today's B-60).

The ship would do 120 miles an hour. This was so fast that when Springer flew the plane to McCook Field at Dayton, to demonstrate it to Army brass, they wouldn't believe it. "I had to make two or three runs to convince them it was true," Springer recalls. Then he confounded them again by sailing back to Cleveland at 172 miles an hour, a feat which made headlines.

Springer disdained to explain that he had done it by going up to 15,000 feet and riding on a gale.

Soon, he set the country agog again by flying all the way from Cleveland to Mineola, Long Island, 450 miles, without seeing the ground. He steered entirely by compass, keeping between two cloud layers at 9,000 feet.

To guard against insolvency both for employer and himself, he checked every ship personally before going up in it. Only once did he make an exception to this rule. He was well on his way when abruptly he had a feeling, without physical support, that something was wrong.

Returning to the field, he found that the nut was missing from the bolt holding the controls in place. In minutes, the bolt would have dropped out, making a crash inevitable.

Habit born of such experience hangs on. When he and his wife leave the house, the same modest place they built in 1928, Springer skeptically sees for himself that all openings are locked. "My wife gets a big kick out of that," he chuckles.

Another precaution he follows is not to do certain things the same way too often. "You got to break that pattern," he warns.

In driving to and from work he keeps changing his route, and after he has turned left at a given intersection a number of times, he goes on across and turns at the next one for a while. This is based on the conviction that fate hands out only so many chits, so beware of using them up.

AFTER WORLD WAR I, the government didn't need big bombers, so Martin closed his plant, certain that aviation was as finished as the war. But his design chief, Douglas, wasn't so sure, and went to California to try on his own. Springer and Kindelberger went with him.

It was beginning to look as if Martin was right, when a Los Angeles sportsman, David R. Davis, appeared at the shed where Douglas had set up shop. No one had yet flown coast-to-coast non-stop, and Davis wanted a plane in which it could be done.

Douglas obliged with the "Cloudster," a trim biplane years ahead of its time. By way of a warm-up for the transcontinental flight, and to cop a $250 prize, Springer rode the Cloudster to a Pacific Coast altitude record of 19,160 feet.

He made the trip without oxygen. This gave him nausea and slowed his brain so that he could hardly read even the compass.

As he prepared to start down, a sliding handle on the side of the cockpit for making tail adjustments stuck in place. Applying both hands to move it, he tore it loose. The ship flipped over on its back and began tumbling leaflike toward the San Pedro Channel, nearly four miles below. He managed to get the mechanism fitted back and the ship righted just as it appeared he had at last overdrawn his survival credit.

But the Cloudster never crossed the country. Springer and Davis, leaving Los Angeles, were forced down at El Paso, and before they could try again, they were beaten out by Army Lieut. Oakley G. Kelly and John A. MacReady.

Later, Springer became the first man to be forced down by gunfire off the California coast. He was making some runs near San Pedro when his mechanic yelled, "Hey, we're being shot at!"

As he pointed excitedly to several holes in the seaplane, more appeared. "I never got down so fast in my life," Springer recalls wryly. Somebody had forgotten to notify the Coast Guard.

In 1924 the Army picked a Douglas torpedo plane for its historic first flight around the world, making the company name famous. Then, three years later, came Lindbergh's hop to Paris. "That gave aviation a spurt that has never stopped," Springer declares.

Contemplating an industry with a weekly payroll which, in dollar bills laid end to end, would reach from San Francisco to Tokyo, thinking of speeds twice that of bullets, of ships able to carry 50 tons 8,000 miles without stopping, remembering a single airline, in 13 years, flying the entire world's population the equal of once around the globe—cogitating such things, Springer finds it all a little unreal.

"We all knew in the early days that something would happen," he muses, "but never did we imagine anything like this!" He has little doubt that man may one day be streaking about in cosmic space with the speed of meteors. "We haven't even started yet!" is his observation about the future.

Ad-Vice

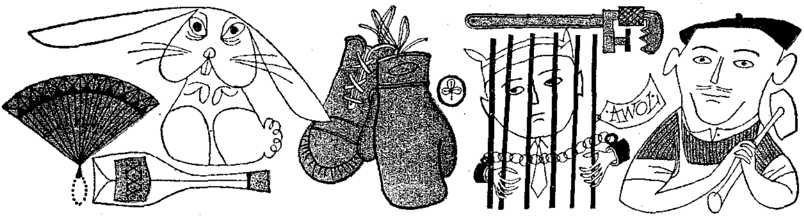
WANT AD noticed recently in a California paper—"Occasional night work for a part-tame stenographer." —STANLEY E. PILARSKI

FROM A UTAH help-wanted section—"Young man for food department. Must be able to handle waitresses." —MRS. G. E. SCOTT

SEEN IN a Pennsylvania real-estate section—"To let: attractive efficiency apartment (blond furnished) utilities; parking; $85." —FRANK C. FOOTE

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Behind Your Words



Tom Moore, jovial emcee of "Ladies Fair" (MBC, Monday through Friday, 11 to 11:25 A.M., EDT), is a fast man at coming up with the right word at the right time to keep the show moving. As this month's guest quiz master, he challenges you to ad lib your way through the following list of 21 words and terms whose meanings you know, but whose origins you may find startling. Scoring five points for each correct answer, 50 is a passing grade. Answers on page 149.

1. What is the origin of the word FAN, as in "sports fan"?
   a. from the verb "to fan," signifying to stimulate to action; b. it's short for "fanfaron," meaning a boasting fellow; c. it's short for "fanatic."
2. What is the meaning of GIN in cotton gin?
   a. it is an abbreviation of engine; b. it is an alcohol combustion machine; c. after its inventor Alex Gin.
3. Why is a hare called "JACK rabbit"?
   a. after Jack, the rabbit of the nursery rhyme; b. it was originally called "jacket rabbit," because its fur was for lining jackets; c. because its long ears were thought to resemble those of a jackass.
4. Why is SHRAPNEL so called?
   a. because the shell is made of scrap iron; b. after its inventor, the British general, Shrapnel; c. it was used for the first time by Nelson during the battle of Shrap.
5. For what does the "O" stand in A.W.O.L.?
   a. for "official" in Absent Without Official Leave; b. it is the O in without; c. it's chosen at random to avoid confusion with A.W.L. (Absent With Leave).
6. How did the term DRAWING ROOM originate?
   a. it was used as a hobby room, when drawing was a popular society hobby; b. because it was the first room in the house to draw the guest's attention; c. it is short for "withdrawing room."
7. How did "MONKEY" get in "monkey wrench"?
   a. because the tool is as useful as the tail of a monkey; b. it is a corruption of the inventor's name, blacksmith Charles Moncke; c. because it is so easy to handle that even a monkey can work with it.
8. Why were ANTIMACASSARS so called?
   a. after the Argentine lacemaker Antima Cassar, who first made them; b. after Mac Assar, character from a comic strip, who suffered from dandruff; c. to protect chairs and sofas from Macassar oil, a popular hair oil.
9. "MANASSA MAULER" is the

nickname for Jack Dempsey. A maul is a hammer—but why MANASSA?

a. he was born in Manassa, Colorado; b. it is a corruption of "manacle," meaning a handcuff; c. his full name is Jack Manassa Dempsey.

10. Why do we call the expression of insincere grief "WEEPING CROCODILE TEARS"?

a. because a crocodile has no tear glands, and cannot weep; b. because of the legend that a crocodile wept over those it devoured; c. because crocodile tears are so big that they seem artificial.

11. Where does the word BOYCOTT come from?

a. from the boy, Cott, a youth in the Children's Crusade (1212); b. from a corruption of the Greek word "cata" used in the sense of "against"; c. from Captain Boycott, a land agent in Ireland, so treated in 1880.

12. What is a "RAP" when we say "it isn't worth a rap"?

a. a rap was a counterfeit Irish coin; b. it means it is not worth rapping out a reply; c. a corruption of "rappee," a strong-flavored snuff made from rank tobacco leaves.

13. Why is a BONFIRE so named?

a. from the French "bon," meaning good; b. it was originally bone fire and was applied to a funeral pyre; c. from St. Boniface, who celebrated the conversions he achieved with the huge fires.

14. How did the word MACADAM originate?

a. from the Maca Dam, where the process was first used; b. from the city Macadam in Holland, where a dike was built of it; c. from McAdam, Scottish inventor.

15. Why do we call our main highways TURNPIKES?

a. they were originally strategic roads, where soldiers with pikes marched towards combat; b. from the old spelling of peak-pike: a road leading over a summit; c. originally roads which had a pole or pike turning on a vertical pin. In other words, a road with a toll gate.

16. Why do people say "SICK'M" to a dog, to incite the animal to attack?

a. it is a colloquial form of "seek him"; b. it means bite him, make him sick; c. it is a corruption of "stick to him."

17. How did the expression "RED TAPE" originate?

a. in "slow-walking," an ancient sports competition, the finish line was marked by a red tape; b. from the custom of tying official documents in a tape of pinkish red color; c. a corruption of "taper," in the sense of a slow burning wax candle.

18. How did "BY-LAW" originate?

a. from the Old Danish word "by," meaning town. The by-laws were town laws; b. from "by" as an adverb, meaning aside or secondary; c. short for "bygone law," meaning out of date.

19. What is the origin of the word "SABOTAGE"?

a. in the early days of industrial machinery in France, workmen who wanted to spite the employer would "accidentally" kick their sabots (wooden shoes) into the machine; b. from François Sabot, a French labor leader; c. from "sabbath," the day of rest.

20. How did BUDGET originate?

a. it comes from "budge" because it is a fixed plan of spending in the beginning and at the end you have to budge; b. it is from the saying "Sister spends and bud (brother) gets"; c. it is from the French word "bougette," little wallet.

21. What is the origin of the word POSTHUMOUS?

a. humus, as gardeners know, is good earth. When a work is published after the creator's death, it is when he is buried in the "good earth"; b. it comes from post human, after the body is dead; c. it is from the Latin "postumus," the superlative of post, meaning the very last.

In Memory of Hazel

by DON MCNEILL

CHILDREN in Center, North Dakota, obviously cannot recall the rigors of the 1920 winter there. But they know of Hazel Miner, who was 15 when March that year brought signs of spring.

Routinely, one morning in the middle of the month, Hazel helped dress her younger brother and sister, and took them to school on the family horse-drawn sled. Snow flurries came up after lunch—but what mattered another inch when Dakota snow was measurable in feet? At about 3, there seemed an increase in the flakes, but the sky did not begin to darken for another hour.

Hazel secured permission to leave school early. Hastily she bundled her brother and sister into the sled, then clucked at their horse to begin the familiar 2½ miles home.

The darkness and snow worsened, and the girl suddenly realized that she could no longer plainly distinguish her horse. She shook the reins, urging greater speed. Occasionally, she leaned back to reassure her brother and sister who were shivering from the cold.

Hazel did not realize, however, that she had lost the road until a sled runner lurched into an unfamiliar rut. She stepped off the sled into snow above her knees. Grasping the horse's bridle, she tried to guide. But it was clumsy going with the wind blowing snow in great, loose lumps.

Suddenly the sled hit an obstruction and tipped over, throwing the children clear. Terrified and aware that Hazel could not upright the sled, they began to whimper. Only then did the brave girl accept the fact that all they could do was live through the night.

Under the scant shelter offered by the overturned sled, with only a lap robe to cover them, Hazel warmed the children with her body and began to tell stories. She continued for a long while. If a child drowsed, there came a caution: "Don't, we've got to stay awake—Daddy will find us in the morning."

Hazel Miner was right. The search party led by her father tracked them through the snow. But she was dead—her body still hovering protectively over the two children who, though unconscious, were alive.

Today, Hazel Miner sleeps in a cemetery, flanked by her parents. The way Dakotans feel about her is evidenced by a stone memorial in front of the county courthouse:

IN MEMORY OF HAZEL MINER
TO THE DEAD A TRIBUTE
TO THE LIVING A MEMORY
TO POSTERITY AN INSPIRATION

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC—Radio, Monday through Friday.

Tomorrow's Executives, Direct from J. A.

by **CAROL BURKE**

ARTHUR GODFREY stepped to one side of the stage and the TV cameras picked up a 16-year-old-girl. Audette Pepin was no professional announcer but without script she delivered a poised and persuasive commercial to millions of coast-to-coast listeners.

Good salesmanship was a familiar routine to Audette. As a member of a jewelry company in Hartford, Connecticut, she had piled up an impressive sales record and won the title of "best Junior Achievement salesman in the country." She was the second J. A. winner to test her sales presentation on the Godfrey show and to receive a $100 bond for her ability.

Such salesmanship is just one part of the practical business know-how that American teen-agers pick up through Junior Achievement, Inc., a non-profit organization which got its start when the late Horace A. Moses, chairman of the Strathmore Paper Company, decided that, although many American high-school graduates might know their books, they did not seem to know business.

Convinced that teen-agers should have the chance to learn the principles of our free-enterprise system along with their formal education, Moses and other interested businessmen incorporated Junior Achievement in 1926. In the beginning, the program was limited to New England, but in 1942 the group set up headquarters in New York and began planning operations on a larger, more extensive scale.

The Achievers are youngsters between the ages of 15 and 21 who, guided by adult advisers from business concerns, actually form and operate miniature corporations. First, they decide on a product or service which they can sell. Then they enact the legal steps of incorporation and capitalize by selling "stock" publicly. Next, they buy the needed material and tools and get into production.

All serve at the same time as board members, workers and stockholders. From Boston to San Diego, Achievers are casting, molding, jointing, polishing, painting as they turn out everything from lamps to oven mitts, from ironing boards to radios. Each year they contribute to the total volume of U. S. production and carry home a well deserved chunk of the profits. Though bringing home the dollars is important, practical acquaintance with all phases of the world of business commands first place in the goals of the organization.

At the end of the business year, the companies write up and publish complete financial reports. At this time, too, dividends are paid to stockholders and many a company manages to pay ten per cent on the share—an impressive yield in any market!

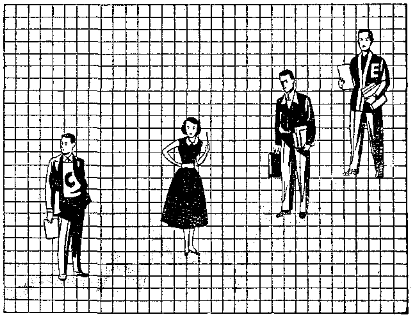
As is the case with adult concerns, however, success isn't always the end of the story. Although 70 per cent of the junior companies do realize a profit, 20 per cent just break even and ten per cent fail.

Yet even failure, advisers feel, is a good teacher. From understanding their mistakes, Achievers often learn as much as they would have from success.

In 1948, the organization had companies in 43 communities, in the East and Middle West. Now, the program spans the whole country, with some 125,000 people, including Achievers, advisers and stockholders, participating last year.

The organization continues its interest in members after they leave high school, outstanding Achievers who back a good business record with high marks being eligible for more than $30,000 in scholarships.

A few years ago, New York headquarters established an editorship scholarship worth $4,800. The lucky member who wins this must attend a college in the New York area and serve as one of the two editors of *Achievement*, monthly magazine which dispenses countrywide J. A. news, tips on how to sell, how to conduct job interviews, how to prepare financial reports and other valuable topics. Dan O'Keefe, a Columbia graduate, learned so much in his term with *Achievement* that, at 25, he is already a junior editor on a large national magazine.



ONE NIGHT, as a plane took off from the St. Louis airport, a blond boy in the rear seat opened his brief case. Pencil in hand, he leafed through a set of papers.

"Catching up on schoolwork?" queried the friendly man in the seat beside him.

"Oh no," smiled the boy, "I'm scheduled to talk to a group of businessmen in Detroit. These are notes for my speech."

The boy was a member of the J. A. Speakers Corps, a unique group which starts out by talking before other members and a coach. As they master their craft, they speak before business clubs throughout their city and state. Frequently they make such good impressions on their audiences that they are offered jobs on the spot.

The real proof of the practical value of J. A. comes, however, once school days are over. When the Achiever takes the plunge from the ivory tower to the workaday world of competition, he goes job-hunting equipped with a working experience and a firsthand knowledge of business operations. Thus, the organization provides a solution to that age-old riddle: "How do you get experience to get a job when you need a job to get experience?"

Anyone with theatrical ambitions knows that jobs in entertainment are even scarcer than four-leaf clovers. But Roberta Garlock had a head start. As producer of her J. A. company's one-hour radio variety show in Providence, Rhode Island, she did outstanding work. Her record promptly landed her a paid summer spot as production manager of Radio Station WPAW in Pawtucket.

As top executive of a J. A. plastics company in Chicago, James Kapellas had the opportunity to learn all phases of business operation. So good was his experience that, after graduation, he confidently raised $1,000 to finance an investment in an ice cream store. During his first year the store netted nearly $10,000. Now, at 24, he has purchased a second store which he expects will bring in even more than his first.

In these days of hazy ideas about economics, Junior Achievement is a living example to youth that private capitalism is the system of opportunity for all. In each center across the nation, sons and daughters of old families and of yesterday's immigrants not only learn about, but share in, the rewards and satisfactions of free enterprise.

Lately, these ideals have taken a substantial foothold right next to the Iron Curtain. Last spring, a jovial gentleman walked into J. A. headquarters in New York and identified himself as Prof. Arvo Puukari of the University of Helsinki. "I've read a lot about Junior Achievement," he said, "and now I want to *see* it."

For two evenings Puukari visited companies in Manhattan, talking business with the teen-age industrialists, watching them manufacture their products, looking over their financial records. "We need this program in Finland," he announced with a smile.

Because the Finns live in the chill shadow of the Soviet border, they are subject to a stream of pro-Communist propaganda. The Professor saw at once that a J. A. organization could be a strong antidote to the Red campaign among his country's youth.

With this in mind, Puukari sailed home laden with complete instructions for organizing two companies. A few months later he wrote that the project was actually under way.

Now, not two, but four, Junior Achievement companies have been established in the Finnish capital—an outpost of freedom at the very threshold of the Iron Curtain!

Camp Check

A YOUNGSTER who was being made ready for camp pleaded: "Please don't send me to camp, Mother. I'll do anything—I'll eat." —SAM LEVENSON

THE TEEN-AGE boy had just come home from a week at a summer camp.

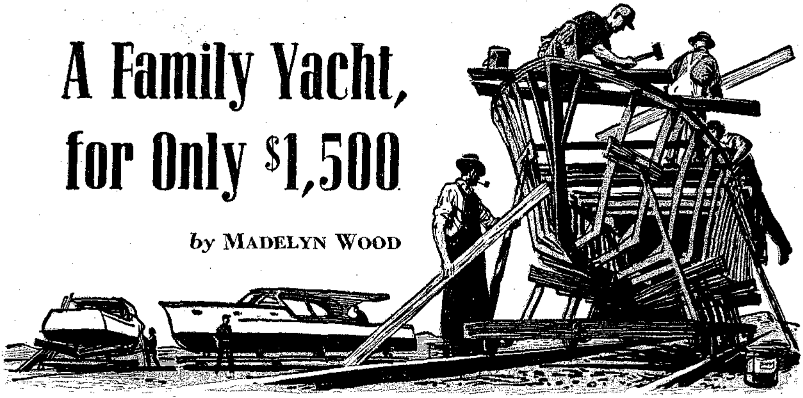
"I met a girl who is really different, Mom," he announced suddenly.

"In what way, Kerry?" inquired Mama.

"Well, for one thing," explained the lad, "she can stay under water for one minute and twenty seconds." —*Christian Science Monitor*

A Family Yacht, for Only $1,500

by MADELYN WOOD



New assembly kits bring the pleasures of seafaring within the reach of millions

FOR LESS than the price of many a good used car, you can be the proud owner of a yacht—a sleek craft on which you and your family can go on a summer evening's cruise, a weekend aquatic adventure or a two-week marine vacation.

Too good to be true? There *was* a time when it would have been, but today the ownership of a family-size cabin cruiser has been taken out of the luxury class and put within the reach of millions.

Cruising that the average family can afford has been made possible by a triumph of American ingenuity—the superpowerful outboard motor. No longer is that versatile device limited to pushing fishermen's rowboats or frail speedsters.

It has been given such a boost in power that it can now propel craft that formerly required far heavier, far more expensive inboard engines, and has brought into being an amazing newcomer to America's waterways — the outboard cruiser. As now being turned out in quantity by leading boat builders, these sleek craft are sturdy 16 to 23-footers, planned to permit not only casual cruising but actual family living on the water.

Outboard cruising is opening up an exciting new form of family vacationing. All over the country, thousands are happily discovering its possibilities. Like the William Scotts of Milwaukee, for instance, who last year explored the picturesque North Channel, a strait in Lake Huron; or Joseph Adams of Long Island, who traveled alone to Miami via the Intracoastal Waterway; or the Warren Slaughters of South Gate, California, who are joyously adventuring along the coastline of the Golden State. The J. E. Fullers of Denver, undaunted by distance, simply hitch their boat trailer behind their car and head for the mountain lakes, some of them hundreds of miles away.

This new recreational opportunity may be said to have had its start one August day in 1906. Ole Evinrude, a young Milwaukee patternmaker, had taken his friend, Bess Cary, to a club picnic on an island in one of the many lakes west of

Milwaukee. As the hot afternoon wore on, Bess hinted that some ice cream would taste good.

Before she could protest, Ole was in a boat, rowing for the nearest ice-cream parlor—two and a half miles away. By the time Ole had bought the ice cream and started back, he had become disenchanted with rowing.

"Somebody should invent a motor to attach to a boat," Ole muttered when he finally stepped ashore, hands raw.

The idea for a motor that would push a boat stuck in Ole's mind. And two years later he steered Bess, now Mrs. Evinrude, into his pattern shop and showed her his first outboard motor.

Bess didn't know what the weird contraption was. When Ole explained, she was unimpressed, remarking that it looked like a "coffee grinder."

"Coffee grinder!" snorted Ole. "Why, I'll bet it will do five miles an hour!"

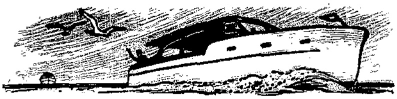
Ole made 15 of the motors and Bess composed an advertisement which they ran in a motor magazine:

DON'T ROW—THROW THE OARS AWAY
USE AN EVINRUDE MOTOR

A few days after the ad appeared, Ole rushed home, his pockets bulging with order-filled letters.

TODAY, the twelve outboard motor manufacturers comprising the industry are rolling up sales of 350,000 annually on a variety of outboard motors ranging from 2½ horsepower bantams to the big 50 h.p. types.

Remote control permitting operation from wheel, twin screws for extra power, and a new degree of silence, all play a part in adapting



the bigger ones for use on the scores of cabin-cruiser models available to the prospective buyer.

At least 50 boat builders, large and small, have turned to producing cruisers for outboard powering —and a tempting array they are. Especially when the excited would-be sailor takes a peek at the price tag and finds the cost so much lower than any that ever appeared before on a cabin cruiser.

Take a look at a typical 20-footer and you find a craft made of marine plywood, a material which has sharply cut boat-building costs. She has a beam of seven or eight feet and is divided into two sections—the aft portion occupied by a large open cockpit, the fore half by the enclosed cabin. Some models also have a small foredeck, handy for fishing and sunning.

The cockpit provides a sunny "living room," while in the compact cabin, enclosed against the weather, are the built-in bunks for sleeping, and the galley with sink, kerosene or alcohol stove and portable icebox. Here, too, in its own enclosure, is the "head," or marine toilet.

The cost? Start with the motor. If you want speed and power, there are the 25 h.p. kinds priced around $390. A 15 h.p. costs around $325. (Prices vary slightly on different makes, but these are close.)

The boat herself can cost up to $2,000 for a 21-footer. But there is a way to get her for less than half that price. The trick is the boat kit, which, next to the outboard, rates as the second major development that has brought cabin-cruiser ownership within the reach of many.

In a kit you get all the parts that go into the boat, ready for you to put together. Kits are offered by more than a dozen major companies, including big Chris-Craft—one popular 18-foot model sells for $514; a 21-footer for $745—and they are assembled with the glue, screws, bolts and nuts which come with the kit. Ordinary household tools, like a hammer and screwdriver, are about all you need to turn the collection of parts into a seaworthy boat.

The time required to put a boat together depends on her size. A typical 21-foot cruiser offered by U-Mak-It Products—a pioneer in the ready-to-assemble business—takes 80 hours for the hull and an additional 40 hours for the cabin. These times can be cut by buying a partially assembled boat, which many builders offer at "any stage of construction." Painting may require another 20 hours.

If you do all the assembling yourself, you wind up with a cost for your motor and a 21-foot cruiser of about $1,150. Other costs include sink, stove, icebox, water tank and pump, toilet, fire extinguisher, bilge pump, mattresses for bunks, chairs, and nautical items such as anchor, rope, extra fuel tanks, compass and a life preserver for each passenger. What you spend on these varies with your taste and budget, cruiser owners reporting average expenditures of from $200 to $500.

Thus you end up with a total cost for a reasonably well equipped 21-foot cruiser of about $1,500.

Operating costs depend on how much speed you want, and what kind of cruising you do. A generally accepted figure for fuel for a 15 h.p. motor is about 76 cents for each hour of operation. On his round trip from Long Island to Florida, Joseph Adams kept a careful check on oil and gas expenditures. They totaled $175.

UPKEEP OF A YACHT was once considered a problem even by millionaires. Today, during the winter months, the "family yacht" can share quarters with the car in the garage—if it is a roomy one—or be raised on blocks and covered with a tarpaulin in the back yard.

Launching is easily accomplished from the trailer on which the boat rides behind the family car. The trailer ($184 is the price on one designed to handle an 18-footer) is simply backed into the water and the job is done. Reloading it is equally easy. Or many yacht basins provide mooring facilities for about $10 a month during the season.

At these marine service stations, a variety of services are available—stores where you can purchase supplies, gasoline and oil pumps and, increasingly, accommodations for those who prefer to sleep ashore.

The big oil companies have set up marine information services similar to those for motoring tourists; and outboard manufacturers, too, have prepared guides to water tours, like Martin's free booklet, "Family Cruising the U. S. Waterlanes."

For Easterners, there is the entire Atlantic coastline of the U. S. It is possible to travel nearly all the way from New York to Florida by protected inland waterways.

Florida has its amazing 1,000-mile circle cruise. This can start at

Waycross, Georgia, with a venture into the edges of mysterious Okefenokee, then down the Suwanee, down the Gulf Coast, through Lake Okeechobee to the Atlantic Coast, winding up in the St. John's River.

West Coast cruising families have a fabulous range of possibilities open to them. Like the easy trip from Long Beach, California, to Catalina Island; or an exploration of the hundreds of inlets in Puget Sound.

Midwesterners can follow the routes of the old stern-wheelers down the Father of Waters, or sail the Great Lakes, while Southerners can cruise the 650 miles of beautiful waterlanes created by the TVA.

Last summer, Dr. Edwin Hodge, professor at the University of Wisconsin, with his wife and three children, Charles, 10, Helen, 7, and Mary Lou, 3, embarked on Lake Michigan in their newly acquired 20-foot cruiser, the *Albatross*, powered by a 25 h.p. outboard.

For five leisurely weeks, the Hodges explored the blue waters, taking plenty of time to poke around islets and into hidden bays. On Lake Macatawa, by Holland, Michigan, they had the thrill of rescuing the occupants of a capsized sailboat.

They got dramatic proof of their cruiser's seaworthiness when they were buffeted by a 70-mile-an-hour wind. Mary Lou enjoyed it so much that she asked next day to "go out where the big waves are again."

Everybody took a hand at the wheel at one time or another, and Charles became so proficient at steering that Dr. Hodge could turn the wheel over to him and take a nap without worrying about where he would wake up.

The professor described their cruise as "the best vacation of our lives. We saw things the highway traveler misses—we had no traffic problems, and we spent only a little over $200 during the five weeks!"

To Mrs. Hodge, it was a rich human experience. "As for any quarreling among the kids—why, there was less trouble than at home," she says. "The crew of a ship has got to work together. Living aboard the *Albatross* was a wonderful lesson in family harmony for all of us."

The Evinrude Boating Foundation may be overly enthusiastic in its prediction that within 20 years some 5,000,000 families will own outboard cruisers. But whatever the actual number, it is certain that in the new family yacht, water-loving Americans have found a passport to the fun and freedom of marine adventuring.

Sign with Significance

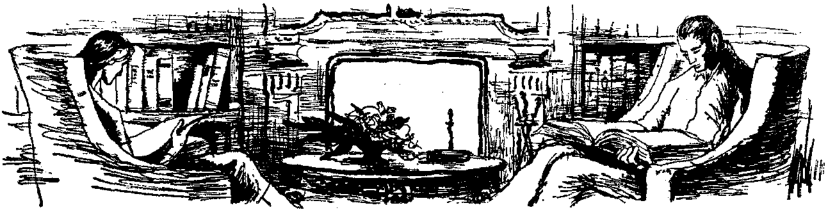
WHEN THE MUNICIPAL CLERK of a certain Canadian city went on vacation, he left the following sign prominently displayed on his office door:

For registration of births and deaths see Dr. Barr.

For auto and truck licenses go to Saint Rose.

For municipal business see Reeve Fletch.

For marriage licenses—think it over carefully and come back again in ten days. —*Maclean's*



15 MINUTES A DAY

by **Richard L. Evans**

ONE OF THE MOST important differences in men is the difference in what they do when they don't have to do anything. Of course, much of the time of all of us is taken by things that must be done: we all have to sleep a certain number of hours, we all have to attend school a certain number of years, most of us have to earn a living. All of us have some necessities that must be met and some obligations that we cannot well avoid. But all of us—even those of us who are the most breathlessly busy—soon realize that we have some time on our hands.

Some of us may not have many minutes a day, but whether it be much or little, we can pretty well appraise ourselves by what we do when we do what we want to do. And this is probably the secret of the success of some successful people—what they manage to do with the time that many of us let waste away.

Who doesn't waste or wait 15 minutes a day! And yet in 15 minutes a day, perhaps most of us could read almost twice through the Bible during the year or read once through the complete plays of Shakespeare. Fifteen minutes a day, from the time we are ten years old until we are 65, is more than 5,000 hours—or enough time to acquaint ourselves with much that has come from the great men and the great minds of all time, as well as with the eternal truths.

If we would hold a stop watch on ourselves during any typical day, it would probably surprise us how much time we let slip away. And even when we aren't within reach of what we want to do, we are almost always within reach of things that could be done.

Admittedly, most of us have more time than we sometimes suppose. And if we'll put it to a specific purpose, it will surprise us how much ground we can cover, how much of the worthwhile, interesting things of the world we can come to understand and appreciate, how much we can accomplish.

Actually, we often waste more time dodging work than the time it would take to do the work. Time is the very essence of our opportunity and existence, and yet we often waste more time explaining what we can't do than the time it would take to do it.

From *Tonic for Our Times,* by Richard L. Evans. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

New Cures for Poison Ivy

by **AMY SELWYN**

Science has finally conquered one of the greatest scourges of the outdoors

IN FOUR DAYS, the young lawyer's first important case was coming to trial, but the way he looked and felt, he knew he would never win over any judge or jury. His hands and face were a mass of welts and blisters, badges of a rousing attack of poison ivy.

From past bouts with the plaguey ailment, he was sure it would be two weeks before he looked human again. But it turned out that within 48 hours, the welts and blisters were clearing and his skin no longer burned—thanks to a couple of injections of a potent new medicine for poison ivy. By the time the attorney walked into the courtroom, his face and hands were practically healed.

The medicine the lawyer took was the powerful one you have heard about in connection with half a dozen major diseases. It was ACTH, the hormone which stimulates the all-important adrenal glands and thus affects practically all body tissues. ACTH (like the related drug cortisone) cures poison ivy rash by stopping blisters and welts from forming. Technically, poison ivy is an allergy; ACTH and cortisone work against this itch-inducing summer scourge by suppressing the allergic reaction brought on by contact with the plant.

Some convincing evidence was offered at a recent convention of the American Academy of Allergy by Drs. Leslie N. Gay and George W. Murgatroyd, Jr., of Johns Hopkins University. They told of seeing dramatic results and no dangerous side-effects after treating ivy victims with one ACTH-in-oil injection daily for an average of two days.

Actually, ACTH and cortisone are but two of five new poison ivy medicines. The other three are quite different, but all five point up a startling change in doctors' approach to poison ivy treatment.

A few years ago, they didn't know of any powerful drugs which could quell an attack and, anyway, in most cases they didn't consider poison ivy serious enough to warrant radical treatment. Lately, however, scientists have developed high-powered, fast-acting medicines, to which doctors are turning because they have discovered that the ailment can be more serious than many people think.

Researchers have also found why it is so difficult to avoid contact with this plant. For one thing, more of them grow in the U.S. than anywhere else in the world. Secondly, the familiar plant with its shiny leaves in groups of three is but one of many varieties, some of which grow as tall as trees.

It develops, too, that more people run a risk of contracting poison ivy than is generally known. Authorities say that probably no one is immune. Ivy works like other allergies do: the first time you touch the substance you become sensitive to it; the second contact will produce a reaction even if it comes years after the first.

The third treatment for ivy is an ointment made from a zirconium salt, developed at the Titanium Alloy Manufacturing Division of the National Lead Company in Niagara Falls. Unlike ACTH and cortisone, this preparation, known as Ivex, doesn't stop the allergic reaction of the skin; rather, it halts the plant's effect on the skin by combining with the poisonous ingredient in the plant—urushiol—and rendering it harmless.

Drs. G. Arnold Cronk and Dorothy E. Naumann of Syracuse salved 47 ivy victims with the ointment. In 85 per cent of the cases, healing commenced within 24 hours.

The fourth treatment is giving victims injections of an extract of the poison-ivy plant. Till recently, though, this worked better in theory than in practice. Then Dr. Harry Keil of Montefiore Hospital, Bronx, N. Y., thought of trying a synthetic chemical, containing ingredients similar to natural ivy extract.

The chemical is called 3-n-pentadecyl catechol. Dr. Keil recently told of a New England woman who had attacks every year because her farm was loaded with ivy patches. During a severe attack, he gave her an injection of 3-n-pentadecyl catechol, and 48 hours later a second injection. Within four days, she was fully recovered.

The fifth weapon against ivy doesn't attempt to cure the rash. Instead, it prevents the rash from appearing by immunizing people against ivy. Recently, doctors have developed a capsule which prevents attacks in many people and has no disturbing reactions. The medicine is called Rhu-Sem, and its effects were announced not long ago by two Philadelphia physicians, Joseph P. Besser and Josepha Urbach.

Rhu-Sem is made of dried seeds of ivy plants (earlier products were made of ivy leaves, which aren't as uniform in potency as the seeds). Drs. Urbach and Besser tested the capsules on 155 children and adults who were expecting to leave for summer camp (and who had all had serious attacks of ivy in previous summers). They each took one pill every morning during the two weeks before they left for camp. They were advised to keep taking them while at camp.

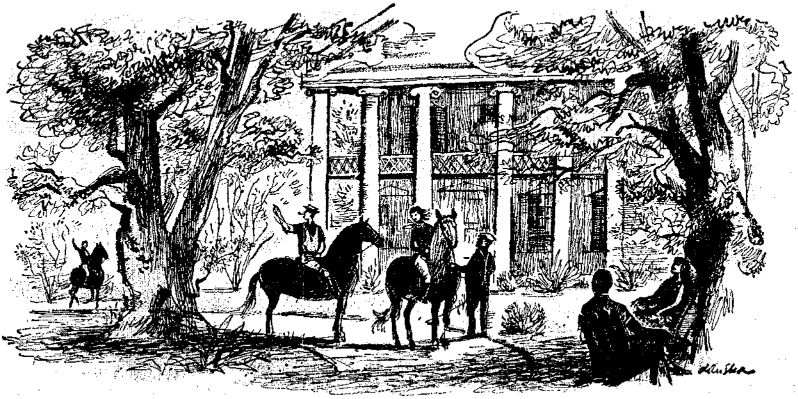
By the end of the season, none had had a severe attack of ivy; a few had had very mild cases. According to the doctors' cautious report in the *Annals of Allergy:* "The results are very encouraging."

◆

Behind Your Words

(Answers to quiz on page 137)

1. c; 2. a; 3. c; 4. b; 5. b; 6. c; 7. b; 8. c; 9. a; 10. b; 11. c; 12. a; 13. b; 14. c; 15. c; 16. a; 17. b; 18. a; 19. a; 20. c; 21. c.



Blue Grass Capital

by H. B. TEETER

Beautiful Lexington, Kentucky, is a city marked by contrast, paradox and legend

EACH SPRING, on or about May 15th, a magic carpet of blue blossoms spreads over 8,000 square miles of rich grasslands in north central Kentucky. In a day or two, the blooms are gone.

The brief life of this pinhead-sized blue flower is regretted by the Blue Grass native. For once it is gone, he knows he must patiently explain to nearly half the tourists who come to Kentucky, "Of course, Blue Grass isn't blue right now. But isn't it the greenest green you ever saw?"

The center of Kentucky's prosperous and pleasant Blue Grass region is Lexington, city of contrast, paradox and legend. Once the Western outpost of America, it still manages to retain a touch of the frontier while presenting the proud face of a typical U. S. city which has just reached metropolitan status.

Downtown Lexington strikes the visitor as being similar to hundreds of other American cities. In size, it compares with Amarillo, Texas, but its tempo is more mature and leisurely. Its history predates the Revolution, so new bank and business buildings tower over century-old shrines. In this way, Lexington is much like Boston or Richmond.

Lexington is the horse capital of the world—home city of the thoroughbred, the champion show horse, the trotter—and from the surrounding farms come nearly half of all the winners on the major race tracks of America. It is the largest burley tobacco market in the world. And in these things it resembles no other city on earth.

After 175 years, the city proper has a population of only 54,449—an increase of about 4,000 in the past 13 years. The 1950 census, however, lists 98,506 persons living in Lexington's metropolitan area in Fayette County. The city is so thoroughly integrated with the Blue Grass that, in effect, they are one community.

The surrounding grasslands brew a magic potion that produces fine horses in an atmosphere of gracious living and old Southern hospitality. This combination, years ago, attracted wealthy industrialists and businessmen from other sections. They came by the scores to build great mansions, breed great horses, and indulge in a system of deficit farming.

These millionaire horsemen were soon accepted by the Lexingtonians, although they will be considered "foreigners" until their families have lived on the land for a century or thereabouts.

"We *always* speak to people we know," one native says. "And we *usually* speak to people we don't." Lexington is that kind of town—just about everybody knows everybody else.

THE VISITOR IN LEXINGTON won't walk far down Main Street before he gets a hearty handshake from a dapper gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses who will turn out to be Mayor Fred Fugazzi. The Mayor is considered rather aggressive for a Lexingtonian, in that he manages to handle a thriving loan business while discharging his civic duties. But "aggressive" is only a term of comparison, for to the Lexingtonian the word means "a little more active than usual."

The unhurried way of life has become traditional in Lexington. The busiest executive is never too occupied to join you in coffee or bourbon somewhere down the street. "You'd think we never get anything done around here," says C. R. Staples, 77-year-old Lexington historian. "Well, we do. Just take a look at what happened to Postlethwait's Tavern."

The old tavern opened its doors in 1797. It is a hotel now—the Phoenix—which last year completed a $5,000,000 addition on the original site. This was necessary to accommodate the increasing numbers of tourists, tobacco buyers and racing fans.

Like the Texan, the Lexingtonian likes his steaks three inches thick, and can usually afford them at the Golden Horseshoe on Main Street, across from the Phoenix. He likes his Kentucky bourbon straight, with bone-building limestone water as a chaser. He reserves his mint juleps for festive occasions.

Few cities comparable in size to Lexington can point to 435 fine homes and business buildings more than a century old, and to as many historic shrines. Here are the homes of Henry Clay and Mary Todd Lincoln; here Jefferson Davis boarded while he attended Transylvania College.

Lexington historians never tire of boasting about the city's "firsts." Researchers from all over the world come to pore over the well-preserved newspaper files in the city library—the first west of the Alleghenies. The files go back 166 years to John Bradford, pioneer printer and editor of the first newspaper published in the West.

When a wildcat invaded the first schoolroom west of the Alleghenies, built on what is now Cheapside Street, schoolmaster John McKinney is said to have killed it with his bare hands. Transylvania was the first college (1780), and nine of its first 11 trustees were killed by Indians!

Some find it difficult to reconcile the fact that Lexington and Fayette County, home of many a distiller and hard-betting horseman, carries a reputation as a religious center. A bronze tablet at the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd startles the devout visitor. It reads: "To the glory of God this church was given to Him by the lovers of the Horse from all over the country as a token of appreciation of their Father's goodness to His children, Man."

When the church was destroyed by fire in 1924, horsemen showered $200,000 on the somewhat embarrassed pastor, the Rev. Thomas L. Settle, who had been a stableboy and jockey before entering the ministry. The Reverend Mr. Settle had endeared himself to horsemen when he fought a bill in the Kentucky legislature which would have barred pari-mutuel betting. The minister believed legalized betting a lesser evil than bootleg bookmaking.

A sample of Blue Grass hospitality is found on the show farms which, with few exceptions, are open all year to visitors. In Fayette County, alone, there are more than 130 horse-breeding farms like Spendthrift, Walnut Hall, Calumet, Faraway, Elmendorf and King Ranch. Privately paved roads, hundreds of miles of them, lead over rolling, well-tended acres broken by parklike woodland, between white, board fences and slave-built stone walls to the great mansions and big barns.

Blue Grass fences cost $5,000 a mile to build. Blue Grass barns are waxed and polished. Not a wisp of hay litters the walkways between the stalls. Solid brass hardware at gateway and stall requires the daily care of a small army of employes.

Here many a royal thoroughbred like Citation—the first horse to win $1,000,000—stands at stud, still racing the white fencelines with the restless speed that made him a champion. Bull Lea, a great racer, proved an even greater sire—his progeny earned more than $6,000,000. Man O'War and other turf champions of the past stand immortalized in lifelike statues.

Lexingtonians point out that after all, it was a Blue Grass native who set the pace in the spending of money on the Blue Grass show farms. James Ben Ali Haggin, one of whose grandfathers was a member of the pioneer hunting party that named Lexington when news of the Revolutionary War battle in Massachusetts reached Kentucky, came back from the West with a mining fortune and, in 1897, bought part of now-famous Elmendorf farm. He added to his holdings until he owned more than 6,000 acres of Blue Grass, and spent so much money on his land that a delegation of Fayette County farmers called on him.

"Mr. Haggin," the spokesman protested, "you are paying such ruinous prices for labor that we cannot keep farm hands."

Haggin was curt. "I presume you gentlemen farm to make money?"

"Of course."

"Well, gentlemen, I farm to spend money. Good day!"

Lamon V. Harkness, one of the first millionaires to establish a Kentucky horse-breeding farm, won his fortune in oil. In 1892, he came to the Blue Grass from Pittsburgh to buy a matched team of carriage horses but stayed to buy Walnut Hall Farm, today the foremost trotting horse nursery.

The late M. F. Yount named Spindletop Farm for the Texas oil field of which he was one of the discoverers. Other show farms were developed by millions from automobiles, railroads, baking powder, stomach tablets, steel, chain stores and dog foods.

An actor's luck built the Old Kenney Farm, where Richard Penniston spent the $400,000 he won in the Louisiana lottery. He died in a home for indigent actors.

In these surroundings live the descendants of some of America's wealthiest families. The socialite, turned farm girl, dons blue jeans to make the rounds of the great barns in a station wagon. When the lights of the city lure her, she remembers that New York and Chicago are only a few hours away by plane.

SOME present-day observers note a trend away from the large farms, which are breaking up, gradually to be sure, into smaller tracts. Higher taxes in general and inheritance taxes in particular make large holdings impractical.

This may some day bring an end to deficit farming, even among the wealthy non-residents. King Ranch, purchased by Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., general manager of the famed King Ranch in Texas, is experimenting with cattle. Already Kleberg is advertising Blue Grass cattle as "the biggest, heaviest and most hardy beef cattle to graze on U. S. ranges." The cattle are a cross between the Shorthorn and the Brahma of India.

The veterinarian is the "society doctor" of the Blue Grass. He keeps in touch with his office by radiotelephone, and is in almost constant attendance on the pampered thoroughbred.

"Minutes count when a million dollars' worth of horse flesh is involved," says Dr. E. W. Thomas, one of many Lexington veterinarians. Dr. Thomas believes that the limestone-phosphorous content of the soil contributes to the light, strong bone structure of the thoroughbred, to his elastic muscles and strong tendons.

Horses live to be old on the Blue Grass. Man O' War died at 30, equivalent to 80 or 90 in man. Big Red—as they called the great red horse—and his groom, Will Harbut, died only a few weeks apart. It is sometimes like that between a horse and his groom.

Improved for generations by imported English and other foreign strains, the Blue Grass thoroughbred is a true cosmopolitan. Nothing is too good for him, no expense is to be spared in searching the world and finding the best blood lines. He tests his mettle on Keeneland Race Course, the trotters on Lexington's so-called Red Mile.

Keeneland, a non-profit racing enterprise, handed over part of its income to a general fund designed to piece out the salaries of the University of Kentucky faculty until, in 1948, the Legislature voided a clause in the State Constitution which had limited the professors to $5,000 annually. Keeneland still contributes to a university research fund which, appropriately, is set up for the study and improvement of the thoroughbred.

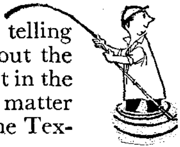
There are, of course, as many well-to-do small landowners in Fayette County as anywhere else in America. The typical native has enough money to live comfortably, buy a few horses and otherwise enjoy a full life on the Blue Grass.

In the kingdom of the horse, tobacco is the major cash crop. At Lexington, growers from Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio sell an average of $50,000,000 worth of tobacco each year. Most is the loose-leaf white burley tobacco, so important in the blending of American cigarettes.

And if Fayette County has more than its share of oldsters, credit that to the Blue Grass, too. Billions of sea creatures left sedimentary limestone deposits when a great ocean covered what is now firm, dry turf. The rich minerals of these leavings have gone into the water, the grass, the vegetables, the beef. The broken hip bones of the aged seem to heal more rapidly in the Blue Grass, pneumonia victims to stand a better chance of recovery.

Last fall, an 80-year-old woman stood in the lobby of the Phoenix, leaning on a persimmon staff as she watched the college football fans whoop it up. "This is fun," she said, with an amused look in her youthfully clear blue eyes. "None of us around here likes to sit in a corner and grow old!"

Prize Catches



A VISITING TEXAN was telling his Minnesota host about the large fish he had caught in the Lone Star state. "As a matter of fact," commented the Texan, "I hooked a whopper once that was at least twelve inches."

His friend observed that a fish that size was small in his state.

"That may be so," said the Texan with a casual shrug. "But down home we measure a fish between the eyes." —JUNE KING

CALVIN COOLIDGE was an ardent fisherman, and fishing in the River Brule was a favorite way of relaxing from his Presidential duties.

Returning to Washington from one of those excursions, he was asked if he had any luck.

"Well," drawled Coolidge, "I guess there are 45,000 fish in the River Brule, and although I haven't caught them all yet, I've intimidated them." —*Sunshine Magazine*

A QUIET OLD Maine lobsterman was approached by a summer visitor who remarked with a patronizing smile, "I see you are using fish bait for lobsters. You think it's good?" The weatherbeaten old codger shook his head. "No," he said. "I don't, but the lobsters do."

—*U. S. Naval Academy Log*

THE MAN on the bridge strolled over to the solitary fisherman and greeted him.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"Sure thing! Why I got 40 trout out of here yesterday."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the fisherman.

"I'm the game warden and fishing isn't permitted here."

"And do you know who I am?" asked the fisherman quickly.

"No."

"I'm the biggest liar in the United States." —JERRY MULKERN

HEARTBURN, STRANGE DECEIVER

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

This common ailment feeds on the fears and tensions of fast-paced modern living

A PROMINENT Eastern importer recently raised a young employee to the job of buyer. The position carried power, prestige and, if the young man succeeded, a big increase in salary.

A European trip would be the first important test. For months, the buyer would roam the Continent, seeking rare pottery. Thousands of dollars—profit or loss—would hinge on whether or not he chose wisely.

On sailing day, with luggage packed and a cab waiting outside, fierce chest pains suddenly seized the new buyer. Pale and trembling, he slumped at his desk calling feebly for a doctor. Word spread that he had suffered a heart attack.

A few minutes later he was rushed to a hospital. Three days later when the doctor told him he could go home, he stammered, "But what about my heart attack?"

"In medical school," the doctor smiled, "we learned a slogan: If an old man complains of his stomach, examine his heart. If a young man complains of his heart, examine his stomach.

"You've had an acute attack of heartburn—a stomach disorder, not one of the heart. It probably was brought on by extreme nervousness over your new job."

Medical men today are learning more and more about that strange condition, heartburn, and about the deceits it sometimes practices. Need for the knowledge is growing, too. For heartburn, along with ulcers, high blood pressure and heart disease, is on a surging increase. Like them, it feeds on the high tension, the problems, the fears and frustrations of our fast-paced manner of living.

"Heartburn is rare among savages," says one authority. "It is a price we pay for being civilized."

Almost every adult has suffered from it at some time. Together with indigestion and ulcers, it makes the stomach the most-treated organ in the body.

What is heartburn? Victims usually describe it as a burning sensation which runs up behind the breastbone, from the pit of the stomach to the throat. Sometimes it comes in spells, often starting and ending suddenly.

One doctor, a specialist in internal medicine at a major clinic, says that the stomach normally contains gastric juices which are necessary to digest foods. A distressed stomach throws these juices like waves up into the gullet, which is not accustomed to them. Biting, acid pain results.

What causes heartburn? Researchers from the University of Pennsylvania, studying scores of sufferers, found that almost half raced through their meals, washing down food with liquids. A third ate foods which did not agree with them. Some drank or smoked to excess. Others got heartburn when they tried to rest too soon after a large meal. For others, exercise after a meal produced the same result.

But here was a remarkable fact: in almost all cases, heartburn was severest when the victims were worried, tired or emotionally upset.

Where will you find the chronic heartburn sufferers? Wherever important decisions are made under pressure, heartburn is a common badge. Actually, the scourge strikes all types and classes almost equally during times of tension. Its attacks usually confirm the mysterious rule that the emotions can exert over the body.

Science knows much about this strange control because of a boy who had gulped a scalding portion of clam chowder. To keep him alive, doctors cut a direct entrance to his stomach through which food could enter. Through this entrance, they also kept daily watch on the stomach at work.

They soon had conclusive proof that man's stomach is the slave of his emotions. For when the patient was frightened, the lining of his stomach, normally red, turned pale; his gastric juices stopped flowing in frozen fear. When he protested at strong criticism, his stomach muscles churned, its mucous membranes swelled and reddened, and the gastric juices welled like a bubbling stream. When his stomach was in this latter state, his commonest complaint was severe heartburn.

After studying over a hundred patients, a specialist has found that *occasional* heartburn almost always is harmless. Numerous remedies are available for these attacks, ranging from mineral water to magnesia wafers. They come in almost every form—as powders, pills, candy mints and chewing gum.

The most widely used, bicarbonate of soda, has been a standard remedy for more than 100 years. By inducing belching, it gives sufferers the feeling of relief from pressures in the stomach and esophagus. All authorities emphasize, however, that if heartburn persists, probably only one person can help: your doctor.

Heartburn has plagued mankind since the beginning of history, and most modern doctors agree with the ancient physicians that a calm, serene, unworried temperament is the best defense against it.

Revisions in Red

COMMUNIST COUNTRY: Where they name a street after you one day and chase you down it the next. —*H & B Bulletin*

COMMUNISM: The cause that depresses. —PAUL STEINER

TOTALITARIAN STATE: One where everything that is not forbidden is compulsory. —RAY D. EVERSON

USSR—Union of Silently Swallowed Republics. —FRED OTTINGER

I'm going away!

I'm going to enjoy every minute of my stay—not let a thing interfere with my vacation. And of course I'm taking Tampax along!

That's the best resolution a girl ever made. Whether you have a whole month or two weeks with pay, you owe it to yourself to be in on everything—from beach parties to dancing under the stars. And you'll owe your freedom from a great deal of discomfort and embarrassment (on "those days") to Tampax monthly sanitary protection.

For discreet Tampax is worn internally—doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit. Comfortable Tampax does away with warm external pads, positively cannot cause chafing or irritation. Dainty Tampax prevents odor from forming; that's so important in warm weather. And tiny Tampax is easy to dispose of—even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts.

Made of compressed cotton in throw-away applicators, Tampax is so compact a whole month's supply can be carried in the purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX
TAMPAX
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
Regular TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

ROY: (On mike) Partner...we got ourselves a right good working schedule!

DALE: (Serious) Yep!...An NBC Television show PLUS our radio program!

ROY: (Kidding) Almost enough to wear out a pair of cow-hands like ourselves.

DALE: (Coquettish) Almost...but not quite! You love it as much as I do...Admit it!

ROY: (Serious) Right!...Having all those folks like us is a great feeling!

DALE: (Admiring) After all...You ARE the King of Cowboys...(and my husband!)

ROY: (Humble) But remember, Honey, you're the Queen of the West (and my wife!)

DALE: (Business) Let's get busy now, Roy, to meet all our friends on...

NBC RADIO and TELEVISION

Grin And Share It

A VERY YOUNG expectant mother walked up to a busy lunch counter. The waitress, without pausing in the serving of other customers, asked over her shoulder, "And what would you like?"

The obviously embarrassed young lady looked about the room shyly, then whispered, "I'd like a boy, if possible."
—BUD GUEST (CBS)

AN EXCITED CITIZEN rushed into his local F.B.I. office, waving a little black notebook. "I found it on the elevated!" he cried. "It's in some foreign code!"

The F.B.I.'s local agent examined it, and read: "K1, P2, Co8," etc. Putting the vast, intricately cumbersome machinery to work, he found he couldn't break it, so he sent it on to Washington, D.C. for expert attention.

A young lady clerk in a back office there quickly decoded it as follows: "Knit one, purl two, cast on eight," etc.
—BARRY HIRSCH

THOSE WHO WAX overenthusiastic about the vaunted wonders of today's civilization could learn a sobering lesson from a certain sturdy, independent Navajo Indian chief.

An official in the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington thought it would be a good idea if the Indian schools taught the young men how to repair automobiles so they could earn a livelihood in the neighboring white men's towns. Teachers liked the idea, but this Navajo chief demurred.

Asked why he would not let the young braves of his tribe take the course, the proud Navajo replied, "What good will such work do our youths when the white man and his cars are gone?"
—ADRIAN ANDERSON

AN OLD FARMER'S WIFE, calling on an insurance agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture, remarked, "We haven't had insurance for nigh on to six years. All that time we've just depended on Providence; but often I've said to my husband, it's terrible risky!"
—FRANCES RODMAN

A REPORTER was sent to cover a charity ball. Next day the editor called him to the desk. "What do you mean by this? 'Among the beautiful girls was Horatio Lucien Dingley.' You crazy idiot! Old Dingley isn't a girl! He is one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help it," replied the realistic reporter. "That's where he was all evening."
—*Successful Farming*

AN ENGLISH GIRL, while being interviewed on "Double or Nothing," was asked what she thought of American men. She said she thought them extremely forward.

"Why do you say that?" asked the M. C.

"Because," she explained, "the other night I was on what you call

Quietest Tread on Earth... Outgrips, Outwears them all!

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a double date, and I had a very enjoyable time. But when the evening was over, the young man tried to kiss me."

"What was so wrong with that?" asked the interviewer. "It's an old American custom."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "But he wasn't my date. He was the other girl's." —CBS-TV

MIKE ZEAMER, director of the Dave Garroway show, recently visited Jamaica. He and his wife rested on the beach, with the soft breeze blowing, the palm trees swaying and the sea gulls overhead. He saw a corked bottle tossing on the blue and white surf, and thought to himself, "Perhaps a message, perhaps." A wave brought the bottle ashore. He noticed that his wife had seen the bottle, too. He walked up the beach, opened the bottle, then returned to her casually and said: "It's for you." —Leonard Lyons

"RUSSIA," cried the Soviet agricultural expert at a Paris meeting, "is an agricultural paradise, with four wheat crops a year."

Incredulous listeners demanded how this could be.

"It's easy," he explained. "We have one from Poland, one from Hungary, one from Czechoslovakia and one from Russia." —*Typo-Graphic*

AN ACTOR finally made the big decision to give up the theater and study medicine. After finishing his training it was only a short time until he was a great success.

One morning he was performing an unusually delicate operation that required great skill and dexterity, and, as was usual when this doctor was operating, the operating theater was filled with students observing the great man at work.

The operation was a success and when it was finished the students broke into applause.

The old Thespian spirit returned to the doctor, and after bowing low several times, he removed the patient's appendix for an encore. —Anna Graham

A MAN HAD had a tough day at the office. He had tossed out about ten pesty salesmen, fired his secretary who had been with him for ten years, lost a couple of big accounts and, finally, lost a fender on his car in an accident on the way home. As he walked in the door, his wife could tell his mood by the look on his face. Taking a bottle from the liquor cabinet, she poured him a glass.

"Shall I pour some water in it?" she asked.

"For heaven's sake!" shouted the irate man. "Haven't I had trouble enough today?" —*Wall Street Journal*

A TORONTO WOMAN hailed a passing taxi, bundled four children into it and hurried back into her home, calling over her shoulder that she'd be out in a minute. Twenty minutes later she appeared.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked the driver.

"Why, we haven't gone any place yet," exclaimed the perplexed hackie.

"Well, actually, we're not going any place," said the woman. "I had

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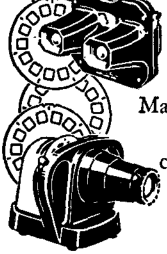

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to make a long-distance call and the children were making so much noise I couldn't hear." —*Maclean's*

THE MINISTER, well pleased with his sermon, stood beside the entrance, shaking hands with members of the congregation. When it came her turn, Mrs. Jones gushed, "Wonderful sermon, Reverend! Everything you said applies to somebody I know!" —MARGORIE WELLS

AN ADMIRAL was coming for dinner, and the home of motion picture director John Ford, then a Navy commander bucking for his later rank of rear admiral, was all spit and polish. The children had been scrubbed pink in honor of the occasion, and the old colored maid had been coached—serve from the left, don't talk.

Resplendent in a freshly starched uniform, the maid conducted herself with rare silent dignity, except that from time to time she closely scrutinized the guest of honor. Everyone noticed her sidewise curiosity, even the brass himself, who began to squirm.

Finally, the maid's face broke into a triumphant grin. "Now I know where I saw you, Admiral," she exclaimed. "It was in a gamblin' house in Charleston back in nineteen-oh-five." —GRADY JOHNSON

SITTING IN THE lobby of her resort hotel, a lady drew a small slip of paper from an envelope, gazed at it briefly, and with deep pleasure announced: "My husband writes he's feeling fine, business is good, and that he loves me very much."

"All that on such a small slip of paper?" one of her friends exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. You see, it's a check for a hundred dollars!" —*Wall Street Journal*

A HOUSEWIFE, returning an egg she had borrowed, stepped inside her neighbor's kitchen and called out: "I'm going to lay an egg here on the kitchen table."

Came a deep, male voice from the next room: "Wait a minute—this I've got to see!" —*Omaha World-Herald*

"IN NEW YORK, there's a company that does nothing but answer telephone calls for other people," announced a neighbor after a shopping trip to the city.

"That's nothing," replied the weary suburbanite father of three teen-age daughters. "I've been doing that for years myself." —*Telephony*

A MAN up in court for stealing an automobile was told by the judge that he could either have the case tried by him alone or before a jury of his peers.

"What's peers?" asked the defendant suspiciously.

"Peers are your equals," explained the judge. "They are men of your own class—your own kind."

"You try this case by yourself, judge," said the prisoner. "I don't want to be tried by a bunch of automobile thieves." —*Financial Post*

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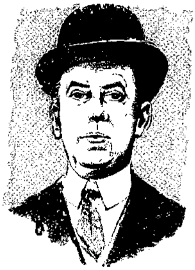
The Legendary Mizner

by **Alva Johnston**



WILSON MIZNER, native of California, was the son of one of the most eccentric families which America has ever produced. At various times a gambler, playwright and con-man, Wilson Mizner became a byword to his friends, and a cuss word to those who felt the sting of his effortless, barbed wit.

Conversation was Wilson's hobby and profession. His fame as a wit has grown steadily since his death, at the age of 57, in 1933. Although he wrote practically nothing, he is probably quoted more than any other American of this century, and scores of men have won recognition as sparkling conversationalists because they have made private collections of Mizner sayings.

As a wit, Mizner belonged to two distinct schools—the scientific and the O. Henry. His scientific method consisted of bringing a calm spirit of inquiry to bear on boiling emotion. When an excited man rushed up to him exclaiming, "Coolidge is dead," Mizner asked, "How do they know?"

A majority of the familiar quotations from Mizner are extravagant figures of speech. He described a thin man as "a trellis for varicose veins." He told a conceited motion-picture producer, "A demitasse cup would fit over your head like a sunbonnet." Regarding a long-nosed Hollywood magnate, he said, "He's the only man who can take a shower and smoke a cigar at the same time" and "I'd like to take him by the feet and plow a furrow with him." Telling of a Klondike pal who had frozen to death in the act of tying his shoelaces, he said, "We had to bury him in a drum."

Among his miscellaneous lines are "You sparkle with larceny," "He'd steal a hot stove and come back for the smoke," "You're a mouse studying to be a rat," "Another pot of coffee, waiter, and bring it under your arm to keep it warm," "I've had better steaks than this for bad behavior," and "If you (a radio chatterer) don't get off the air, I'll stop breathing it."

Mizner usually avoided slang, although he had a few special words of his own, such as "croaker" for "physician," "heart trouble" for "cowardice," and "trap" for a "bank." He disliked puns, although a play on words was worth about $10,000 to him on one occasion. It made a jury laugh and saved him from a verdict for damages.

After the Florida real-estate crash, a man had sued him to recover the purchase price of a barren plot, asserting that Mizner had falsely informed him that he could grow nuts on it. "Did you tell the plaintiff that he could grow nuts on

From *The Legendary Mizners*, by Alva Johnston. Farrar, Strauss and Young, Inc., Publishers.
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Korea 1953 . . .

"I found them in the streets"...

Pusan, March 25, 1953. "I found them in the streets The red dust and foul smell of the war torn and overcrowded city enveloped them. The courage and strength of people and the weight of the world was in the little girl's eyes. Her physical burden did not seem too heavy for her to carry. She told me her father had been killed in the evacuation from the north and that her mother was sick. She had taken her little brother with her to beg for the day's food. I went home with her . . . home was a corner of the railroad station where her mother lay on a bundle of rags. Find Foster Parents for the children at once, please. It will mean the difference between life for this whole little family or death by starvation." Thus writes Robert W. Sage, our Director in Korea.

There are thousands of children like Kim Tae Ok, aged 4, and her 11-months-old brother, Kim Pyong Ju living in the deepest misery of the war in Korea. They have known nothing but hunger, cold and terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . food, clothing and a place to live. The Plan is dedicated to peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and the knowledge that someone cares. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA-019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

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Contributions are deductible from Income Tax the land?" Mizner was asked. "Oh, no," he replied. "I told him he could go nuts on it."

The earliest recorded example of Mizner wit belongs to the scientific school. He was in Nome, Alaska, in 1900. One of Mizner's close pals there was Willus Britt, who later managed Jimmy Britt, Stanley Ketchel, and other fighters. Willus was devoted to a lady known as Nellie, who was notorious in the Arctic. One night, Willus ran out of the Northern Saloon and emptied his revolver at a stranger, who escaped in the darkness. Everybody asked why he was shooting.

"He insulted Nellie!" shouted Britt.

The shooting did not excite Mizner. The explanation did. "He *what?*" exclaimed Mizner. "He insulted Nellie," repeated Britt. "For God's sake, *how?*" inquired Mizner.

A trip on an ocean liner usually produced a substantial bank roll for Mizner, whether he played honestly or otherwise. On rare occasions, he picked the wrong man. He once drew a simple-looking stranger into a poker game and let him win for a while. Suddenly they began raising each other wildly, and the stakes became enormous. Mizner laid down four queens and reached for the pot. The stranger laid down four kings. Mizner pushed the pot back. "You win, stranger," he said, "but those are not the cards I dealt you."

He had gone to Hollywood early in 1933 to work on a picture called "Merry Wives of Reno." While there, he received word that his brother Addison was dying. He wired, "STOP DYING. AM TRYING TO WRITE A COMEDY."

Mizner got all possible comedy value out of his own last illness. In March, 1933, he had a heart attack at the Warner studio. When he recovered consciousness, he was asked if he wanted a priest. "I want a priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant clergyman," he said. "I want to hedge my bets."

His heart attack, President Roosevelt's inauguration, the bank holiday, and a California earthquake came at almost the same time. Mizner criticized this piling up of climaxes. "Bad melodrama," he said.

Told that his death was only a few hours away, Mizner rallied strength to send a postcard notifying a friend. "They're going to bury me at 9 A.M.," wrote Mizner. "Don't be a sucker and get up."

When they put a tent over him for the administration of oxygen, he said, "It looks like the main event."

Told that his death might come at any moment, Mizner said: "What? No two weeks notice?"

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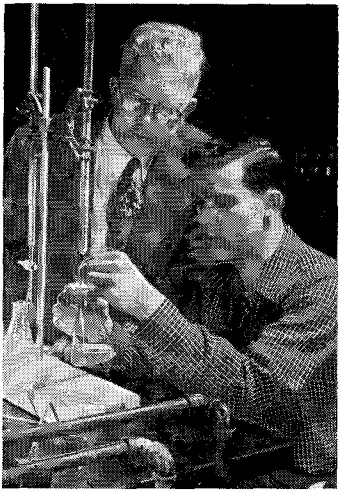

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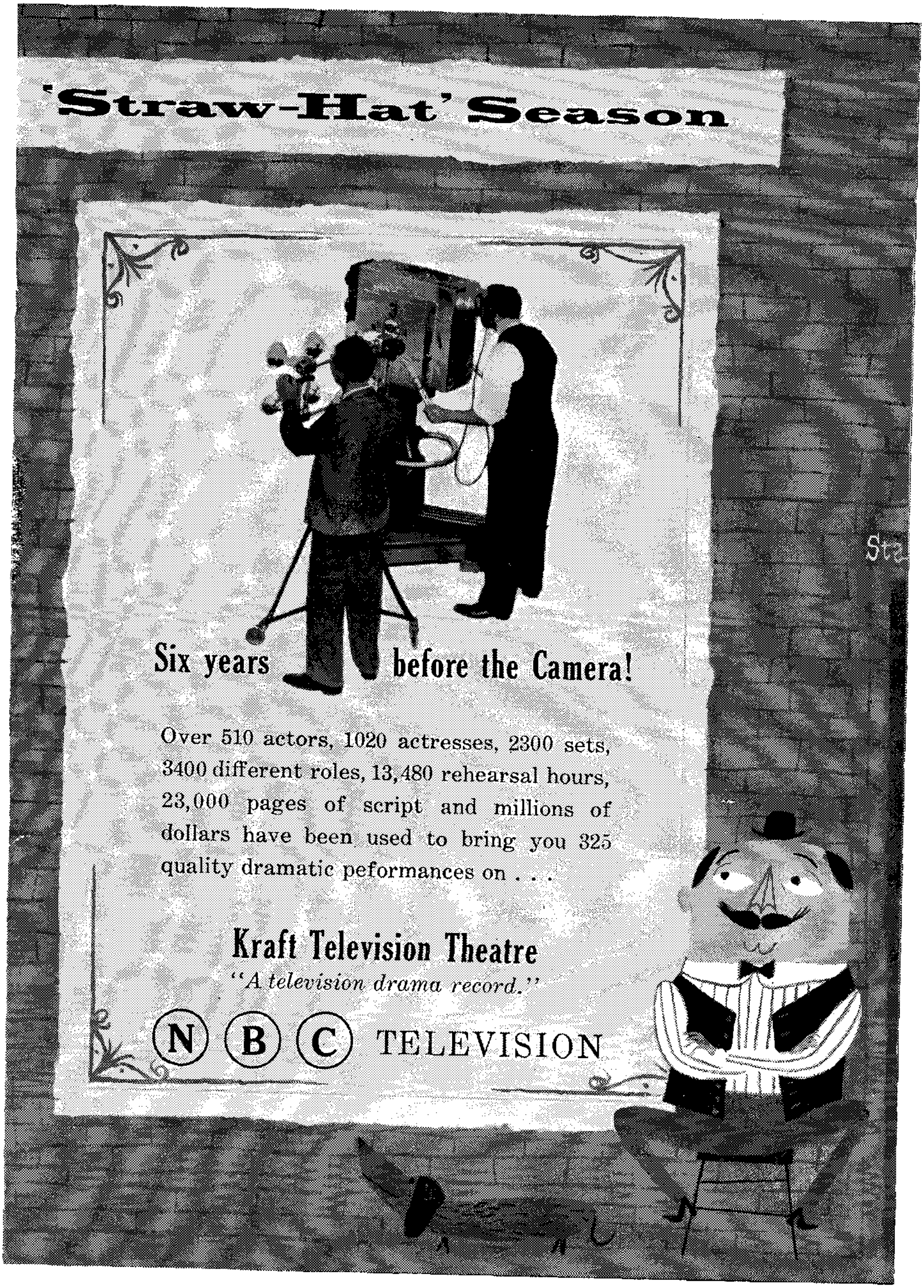

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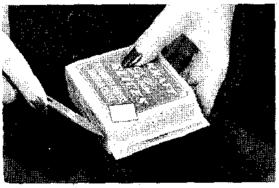

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